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LYRICS OF THE HEART:

52182

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Familiar matter of to-day;
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That hath b[redacted] may be again.

WORDSWORTH.

IX-1-28

WITH FORTY-ONE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1851.

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

By the same Author.

I.

IN ONE VOLUME, CROWN OCTAVO,

COMMON SENSE.

A POEM: IN THE HEROIC COUPLET.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made.
YOUNG.

II.

IN ONE VOLUME, CROWN OCTAVO,

HOUSEHOLD SONGS:

FOUNDED ON ONE HUNDRED SELECT PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

III.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS,

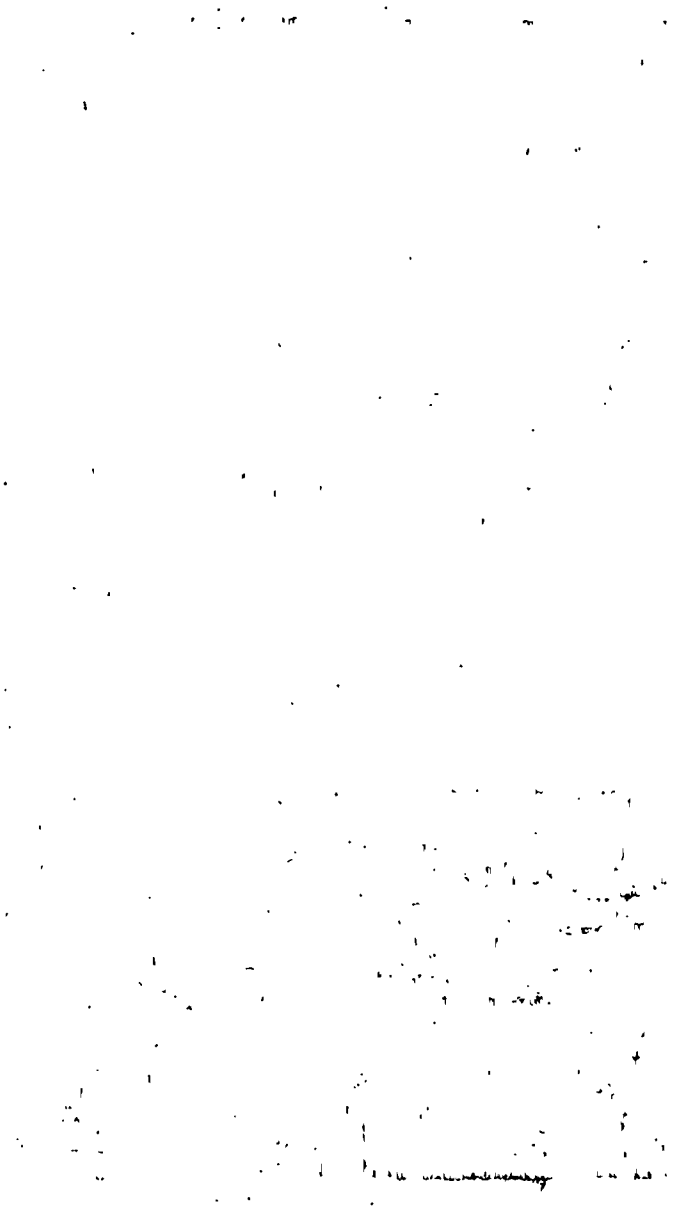
THE BIRTH-DAY COUNCIL;

OR

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

A TALE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.
ST. MARK, XIV.



TO MRS. ALARIC WATTS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

PREFACE.

MANY of the poems of which the present volume is composed, have been long, and I think I may venture to add, favourably known to the public. Several of them, indeed, (originally published in illustrated periodical works of which I was the editor,) have attracted more notice, and obtained a wider circulation, than could reasonably have been anticipated for trifles of so unambitious a character. Independently of the kindness with which they were received, on their first appearance, by the critical press, and the commendations they have had the good fortune to elicit from a large majority of my literary contemporaries, they have been reprinted in most of the collections of modern poetry which have issued from the press in this country and in America, during the last quarter of a century. I allude more especially to the poems entitled "The Death of the First-Born," "My own Fireside," "Ten Years Ago,"

"Kirkstall Abbey Revisited," "The Sister of Charity," "The Grey Hair," "Lines on Burning a Packet of Letters," "The Youngling of the Flock," and "The Wedding-Day."

Nor has the favour with which they have been regarded, been confined, altogether, to readers whose connection with literary pursuits, or personal knowledge of the author, might be supposed to have exercised some influence on their judgment. Among the cordial and encouraging testimonies they have, from time to time, called forth, was one from the virtuous and patriotic statesman whose recent melancholy death has been so deeply and universally deplored; the more gratifying, because wholly unsought and unexpected by me. "It is "not," (said the late Sir Robert Peel, in a letter which I had the gratification to receive from him, in the year 1826,) "from mere courtesy that I assure you that your "name is respected by me. I have had the satisfaction "of reading many of your poems. I particularly call "to mind two—'The Death of the First-Born,' and "'My own Fireside;' to have written which would be "an honourable distinction to any one." Eighteen years afterwards, his recollection of these poems induced him to

place at my disposal a Treasury appointment for my son; and only a few months previous to his lamented death, I received an additional and unsolicited proof of the interest he continued to take in my welfare.

Without attaching undue importance to opinions that may have originated, in a great measure, in associations of thought and feeling which the simplest efforts of the poetical art will occasionally create; and with a full consciousness of the defects of the poems themselves, no less than of the objections to which they are liable as a class; I shall not affect to consider any apology necessary for their publication in a less fugitive form than that in which they have so long been allowed to remain. Confined, as for the most part they are, to appeals to the domestic affections, conveyed in language which addresses itself to the heart rather than to the head; and asserting no claim to the more exalted attributes of purely imaginative poetry; I seek to secure for them no appreciation which can be considered inconsistent with such very limited pretensions.

The objections that have been urged against poetry of a purely personal character have been answered by an abler pen than mine. "Egotism" (says S. T. Coleridge)

"is only to be condemned when it offends against time "and place,—as in a history or an epic poem. To censure "it in a monody, or a sonnet, is almost as absurd as to "dislike a circle for being round. The communicativeness "of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; "in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity "is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results "a pleasure which is gradually associated, and mingles, as "a corrective, with the painful subject of the description.

'Holy be the lay,
'That, mourning, soothes the mourner on his way.

"If I could judge of others by myself, I should not "hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in "our most interesting poems, are those in which the "author developes his own feelings. By a law of our "nature, he who labours under any emotion is impelled "to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all "strong. 'Quicquid amat, valde amat.'" The success of such appeals must, however, always be determined by the power of the poet to produce in the mind of his reader sensations corresponding to those which have given an impulse to his pen.

It may be asked why, with the gratifying encouragements already referred to, I should have withheld until now a collected edition of my poetical writings; the more especially as the engravings which accompany them were completed many years ago. To such an inquiry I cannot, in this place at least, offer the full and satisfactory explanation which the circumstances may appear to demand. Suffice it to mention, that the distraction of my mind, for upwards of ten years, from more congenial pursuits, by a laborious, harassing, and (to me) profitless undertaking, which, so soon as it seemed likely to reward me for the toil I had expended upon it, was violently wrested from my hands, was such, that during the whole of that period I scarcely wrote a line of verse; and my subsequent ruinous entanglement in the meshes of the Court of Chancery for nearly seven more years, left me little leisure or inclination for poetical studies:

"Many a year, ambition dulling,
Irksome labour claimed my pen;
At the oar incessant pulling,
Mid the stir and strife of men;

From more calm pursuits diverted,
To a task I plied in vain;
Tastes abandoned, haunts deserted,
Which, though late, I seek again."

But to turn from personal details to the chief object of this notice. In 1824 I published a small volume of poems, entitled "Poetical Sketches," of which four editions were exhausted in little more than two years. A sense of its imperfections, however, has deterred me from reprinting it since 1827; or from including more than about a third part of its contents in the present collection. Another portion of the poems comprised in the following pages were originally published in the ten volumes of the "Literary Souvenir," and the three volumes of the "Cabinet of Modern Art," which were edited by me from 1824 to 1837. The remainder are of later, some of very recent date, and several of them are from the pen of my wife.* No chronological or other classification has been attempted; and if the appearance of variety, which is sometimes favoured by the absence of a formal arrangement, should not in some degree atone for the omission, I have nothing better to urge in its defence.

* *Vide* p. 329.

The whole of the embellishments of the present volume were engraved expressly for its pages: but not the least evil created by the long delay of its publication is that three or four of them have been surreptitiously copied in other publications; although with such indifferent success as to detract but little from the value of the originals. The subject of another plate has, with my permission, been engraved for a large print.

Considerable difficulties present themselves to the painter who undertakes to illustrate poems of this description; a failure being almost inevitable whenever an attempt is made to identify a design with the incident rather than the sentiment of the poem. It is for this reason that several of the subjects of the engravings are rather emblematical of the poems they accompany, than representations of any particular scenes they describe.

It is not improbable that I may have rendered myself liable to an imputation, which I do not deserve, for having embellished, in an expensive manner, a series of trifles of so little real importance. My explanation is a very simple one. For upwards of fourteen years I was intimately associated with many of our

most eminent modern artists in the production of a series of illustrated works, and the agreeable nature of that intercourse led to a desire on my part to connect myself with them in some volume which should be composed wholly of my own writings. Hence the decorative form which these pages have assumed.

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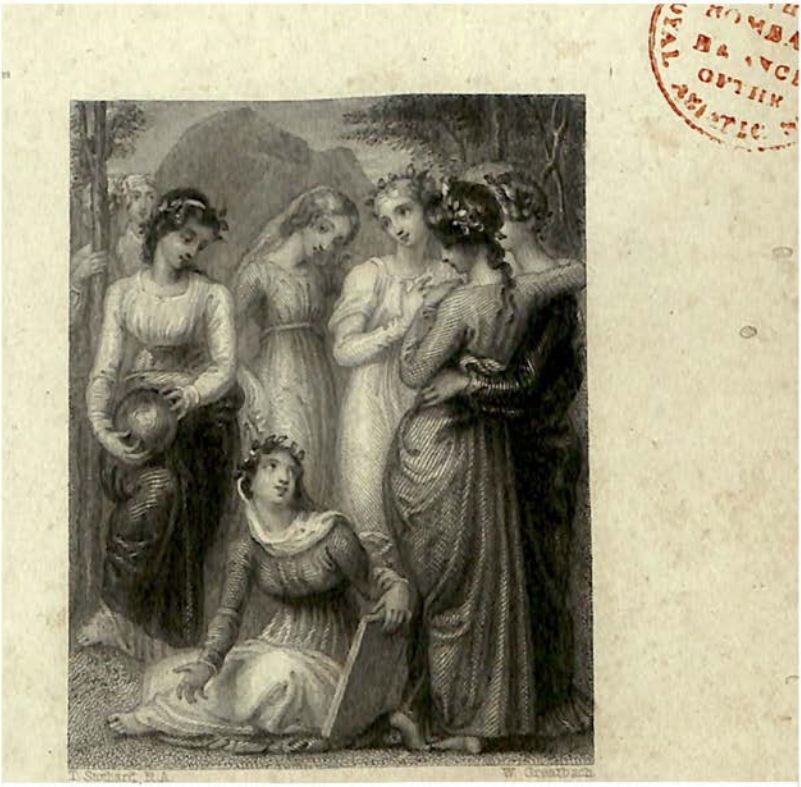


TO NINE SISTERS.

Let other bards their homage pay
To Sisters all have dubbed "divine;"
A love sincerer prompts my lay,
To hymn a less immortal NINE.
What hath *my* humble lyre to do
With goddesses too fine for earth,
Whose simple music ever drew
Its power from spells of lowlier birth!

A wild, Æolian lute, whose strings,
By nature swayed, no sounds impart,
Save when some fitful feeling flings
Its breeze-like impulse o'er my heart;
But waking gentle echoes oft,
Where prouder strains might fail to move;—
Fond, brooding thoughts, and visions soft,
Of fireside peace, and home-bred love.

In years long past, when life was new,
Ere Time or Care had touched my brow,
My earliest songs were given to you;
Come back and be my Muses now!—
Now that my heart is faint and worn
With many a vigil dark and long,
And I have learned those hues to mourn
That brightened once my hopes and song.

The smiles that lit my path of yore,
And bade my lyre responsive thrill,
May plume my flagging wing once more,
May raise my drooping spirit still:
Oh, could that sunshine bring again
The high resolves my boyhood knew,
Haply, I then might 'wake a strain
Worthier a poet's fame and you!

The bounding pulse, ingenuous glee,
That spring-like, rich, romantic gleam,
Which tinges every thing we see,
And makes our youth one blessed dream,—
A summer day of deep delight,
When not a threatening cloud is near,
When all is beauty to the sight,
And all is music to the ear!

And such *my* life when Hope was young,
And the bright world before me lay,
And visions of enchantment flung
Their glories on my lonely way:
Yes, such was life to me, when first,
Inspired by you, my gentlest NINE,
Fresh from the fount of feeling burst
The strains that wreathed your names with mine!

Ye, too, are changed: the playful child,
My Muse of mirth in other days,
That bade me share her gambols wild,
And charmed me with her winning ways,—
Is now a child no more; but moves
With slower step, sedater air;
With many a grace her Poet loves,
But not the smiles she used to wear.

And ye, o'erstepping then the bound
'Twixt girlhood's bloom and woman's beauty,
Whose hearts the hallowed bliss have found
Of matron love, and matron duty;—
Long o'er your happy circles reign,
And watch love's budding flowers unfold;
But never can you be again
The gladsome band you were of old!

Yet ye shall be my Muses still,
By Memory painted as of yore;
Still shall my heart responsive thrill
To spells it oft hath owned before:
The meeter inspiration far
Those unambitious chords to move,
Whose cherished themes so often are
Childhood's sweet smiles, and Woman's love.

Let loftier bards their tribute bring
To nymphs of more uncertain mood;
Whilst grateful memory bids me sing
A fairer, kinder Sisterhood:
For them may Faith's bright beacon shine,
Its grace in God's good time be given;
So shall they shame the heathen NINE,
And be immortal, too, in heaven!

TEN YEARS AGO.

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.

WORDSWORTH.

I.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene,
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sered not then its pathway green;—
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,—
Feelings we ne'er can know again,—
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

II.

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are bright as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy rosy cheek is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;—
But where, oh where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago!

III.

I, too, am changed, I scarce know why;
And feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away.
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh, how unlike—ten years ago!

IV.

But, look not thus; I would not give
The wreck of hopes which thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seemed so fair:
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low and flowers in bloom;
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endeared by ties we could not know,—
When life was young,—ten years ago!

V.

Has Fortune frowned?—Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false?—Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still!
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried,
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever blasts may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

VI.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die;
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry!
Was it not sweet, in that sad hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise:—
What, to the thought that soothed that woe,
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

VII.

Yes, it is sweet, when Heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But sweeter still, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me:
Then dry those tears, though somewhat changed
From what we were in earlier youth,—
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

I.

Here let me rest; a dewy fragrance breathes,
In gentlest whispers, from the plains around,
Whilst o'er my head, in green and graceful wreaths,
The o'erarching vine its wandering shoots hath wound:
What rainbow hues yon bright horizon bound!
What golden gleams yon sleeping spires invest!
Here let me pause,—it is enchanted ground;
Hence, let me brood upon yon burning west,
Where sun-touched Florence lies, like Love on Beauty's breast!

II.

But not alone to chain the roving eye,
Doth yon fair scene its magic marvels spread;
It hath a holier spell, a charm more high—
The haunt, the birth-place of the glorious dead!
There Raffaelle oft his heavenly fancy fed
With thoughts and visions all too pure for earth;
There Buonaroti's dreams,—of darkness bred,
And Hell's wild grandeur,—taste-sublimed, had birth;
Two bright but differing stars, of kindred fame and worth.

III.

Unequalled masters of that Art divine
Which makes our visions palpable as bright;
'Neath whose keen eye, and touch creative, shine
Unnumbered shapes of wonder and delight;—
Surpassing rivals in Fame's boundless flight;
Twin heirs of Genius and her broad domain;
One, seeking sunshine in the realms of light,
The other courting Horror's grisly train,
And drawing strength from Hate, sublimity from Pain!

IV.

Transcendent Raffaelle, thy accomplished mind,
Irradiate, teemed with beauty, love, and grace!
What pure simplicity, by taste refined,
In all thy forms, the studious eye may trace!
What seraph brightness breathes from every face
Thy glowing mind hath on thy canvass poured;
How doth thy mind his humbled heart abase,
Who seeks, a votary true, thy shrine adored,
To win a touch, a charm,—and his despair record!

V.

Nor less his fame, to whose proud hand 'twas given,
The Judgment Day's terrific tale to tell;
Who, if he sometimes caught his fire from Heaven,
Would oftener snatch it from the depths of Hell;
The fiercer passions owned his wondrous spell;
Titanic grief that will not yield to Time;
Revenge, Remorse, and Hate unquenchable,—
The weltering offspring of Despair and Crime,—
Touched by his wand, uprise in agony sublime!

VI.

But, lo! what vision bursts upon my sight!
What shapes, what hues, yon opening doors unfold!
What rainbow forms are glancing in the light
Showered from yon gorgeous roof of fretted gold!
Whence spring the dazzling tints I now behold?
Where am I, where?—I live, I breathe again!
What glorious triumphs of the days of old
Are gathered 'round: Ausonia, France, and Spain,
Your brightest dreams I see; I have not toiled in vain!

VII.

There Guido's Mary looks in faith on high;
There Salvi's Nun in silent prayer doth bow;
There Claude's bright rippling wave and sunset sky,
Salvator's storm-rent rock and mountain brow,
And Poussin's classic glooms are gathering now;—
There Carlo Dolci's matchless anguish droops;
There golden Titian's living beauties glow;
There graceful Watteau spreads his courtly groups;
And 'neath his ponderous cross, Del Sarto's SAVIOUR stoops!

VIII.

There bright Giorgione's blue-eyed consort shines,
A rival star to Titian's gay brunette;
There pure Coreggio's reading mourner pines;
And crystal Cuyp's delicious sun hath set;
There Spagnoletto's dying Anchoret,
And Caravaggio's slaughtered Martyrs lie;
There deep, clear Ruysdael's Twilight lingers yet;
Romano's battle steeds are thundering by;
And Cagliari's Feast salutes the broad, blue sky!

IX.

There, too, Albano's Sea Nymphs float along;
Guercino's Hagar sheds upbraiding tears;
Piombo's Lazar in his faith is strong;
And Vinci's Judith still the charger bears;—
There polished Teniers' festive evening wears;
Velasquez's Infant smiles in fadeless youth;
Zampieri's Sibyl lifts the veil of years;
Hobbema's sunlit slopes, and mill-stream smooth,
And Rembrandt's shadowy power, reflect immortal truth!

X.

And more, yet more! the fierce Giotto there,
His victim tortured, triumphs in his pain;
There Mazzuoli's Vision, bright and fair,
From robber-spoilers hath escaped again;
And Berretino's Sabines shriek in vain!
There full of faith the good St. Bruno dies;
There Snyders' yelling bloodhounds burst their chain:
There gorgeous Rubens' emblemed Triumphs rise;
And Vandyck's Charles uplifts his mild, reproachful eyes.

XI.

The sun hath sunk behind yon city gay,
Where purple hues are fleckering all the sky;
And Twilight weaves her web of night and day;
And, one by one, the stars look out on high;
But as the feathery clouds sail slowly by
The crimson flush that tracks their monarch's way,
Each snow-white billow takes a deeper dye,
Each silvery wreath grows brighter in the ray,
Till all have shared the spell, and, smiling, passed away!

XII.

And thus my heart, when I have ceased to gaze,
Enchanting Florence, on thy fanes sublime,
Will strive to trace the bright, immortal blaze
That rises round thee from the depths of Time!
And though I leave thee for a colder clime;
Still memory's halo, lingering pensively,
Shall steep my soaring visions as they climb;
Till many an aim, wish, feeling, hope shall be
To brighter issues touched by thoughts of thine and thee!

MAY-FLOWERS

FOUND AFTER THE LAPSE OF YEARS IN A VOLUME OF "BURNS."

> Life went a-Maying
> With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
> When I was young.
>
> COLERIDGE.

Memorial frail of youthful years,
  Of hopes as wild and bright as they,
Thy faint, sweet perfume calls up tears
  I may not, cannot wish away!
Thy withered leaves are as a spell
  To bring the sainted past before me;
And long-lost scenes, but loved too well,
  In all their truth restore me.

Cold is her hand who placed thee here,
  Thou record sad of Love and Spring,
Ere life's May-flowers, like thee, grew sere,
  Or Hope had waved her parting wing:
When Boyhood's burning dreams were mine,
  And Fancy's magic circlet crowned me;
And Love, when love is half divine,
  Spread its enchantments 'round me!

How can I e'er forget the hour
When thou wert glowing on her breast,
Fresh from the dewy hawthorn bower
That looked upon the golden west!
She snatched thee from thy sacred shrine,—
A brighter fate she scarce could doom thee,—
And bade a Poet's wreath be thine,—
His deathless page entomb thee.

That hour is past, those dreams have fled;
Ties, sweeter, holier, bind me now;
And, if life's first May-flowers are dead,
Its summer garland wreathes my brow.
Sleep on, sleep on! I would but gaze
A moment on thy faded bloom;
Heave one wild sigh to other days,
Then close thy hallowed tomb!

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love—till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us; we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and falser hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering cares, we smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

For ever thine; when circling years have spread
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;
When youth's rich glow, its "purple light," hath fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now;—

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?—
No; come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age,—thine own, for ever thine!

For ever thine; at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline;
When balmiest odours from each closing flower
Are breathing 'round me,—thine, for ever thine!

For ever thine; 'mid Fashion's heartless throng;
In courtly bowers, at Folly's gilded shrine;
Smiles on my cheek, light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine,—for ever thine!

For ever thine; amid the boisterous crowd,
Where the jest sparkles, with the sparkling wine,
I never breathe thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee, in thought,—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound,
The depths of love could such rude hearts divine;
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My inmost thoughts are thine,—for ever thine!

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast;
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love,—till life itself be past!

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

We met when life and hope were new,
When all we looked on smiled;
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments, sweet as wild:
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;
The bloom, that when it once departs,
Can know no second spring.

What though our love was never told,—
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controlled,
Its growing strength was shown:—
The touch that thrilled us with delight;
The glance by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
The tender truth proclaimed.

We parted, chilling looks among;
My inmost soul was bowed;
And blessings died upon my tongue,
I dared not breathe aloud:—
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand;
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me;
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee:
And long through many an after-year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!

More sacred ties, at length, are ours,
As dear as those of yore;
And later joys, like autumn-flowers,
Have bloomed for us once more!
But never canst thou be again,
What once thou wert to me;—
I glory in another's chain,—
And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
A prosperous lot is thine;
The brighter that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine;
Yet oh! might fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I may boast of now!

THE BIRTH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Never did music sink into my soul
So 'silver sweet,' as when thy first weak wail
On my 'rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
Hung on that slender filament of sound!
Life's guileless pleasures and its griefs profound
Seemed mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
Thy bark is launched, and lifted is thy sail
Upon the weltering billows of the world;
But oh! may winds far gentler than have hurled
My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail;—
Or, if thy voyage must be rough, may'st thou
Soon 'scape the storm and be—as blest as I am now!

TO A PORTRAIT.

PAINTED BY THE LATE G. S. NEWTON, ESQ., R.A., FROM AN OLD MINIATURE, SAID TO BE OF NELL GWYNN.

Beautiful and radiant girl!
I have heard of teeth of pearl,
Lips of coral, cheeks of rose,
Necks and brows like drifted snows,
Eyes, as diamonds sparkling bright,
Or the stars of summer's night,

And expression, grace, and soul,
Softly tempering down the whole:
But a form so near divine,
With a face so fair as thine,
And so sunny bright a brow,
Never met my gaze till now:
Thou wert Venus' sister twin,
If this shade be thine—NELL GWYNN!

Cast that carcanet away,
Thou hast need of no display,—
Gems, however rare, to deck
Such an alabaster neck.
Can the brilliant's lustre vie
With the glories of thine eye;
Or the ruby's red compare
With the two lips breathing there?
Can they add a richer glow
To thy beauties? No, sweet, no!
Though thou bear'st the name of one
Whom 'twas virtue once to shun,—
It were sure to taste a sin,
Now to pass thee by—NELL GWYNN.

But they've wronged thee; and I swear
By that brow so dazzling fair,—

By the chastened light that flashes
From thy drooping 'lids' long lashes;
By the deep blue eyes beneath them;
By the clustering curls that wreathe them;
By thy softly blushing cheek;
By thy lips, that more than speak;
By thy stately, swan-like neck,
Glossy white without a speck;
By thy form, so passing fair,
Modest mien, and graceful air;
'Twas a burning shame and sin,
Sweet, to christen thee NELL GWYNN!

Wreathe for aye thy snowy arms,
Thine can be no wanton's charms!
Like the fawn's, as bright and shy,
Beams thy soft, retiring eye;
No bold invitation 's given
From the depths of that blue heaven,
Nor one glance of lightness hid
'Neath its pale, declining 'lid!
No; I'll not believe *thy* name
Can be aught allied to shame!
Then let them call thee what they will,
I've sworn, and I'll maintain it still,—
Despite tradition's idle din,—
Thou art not, canst not be, NELL GWYNN!

RUTH.

Intreat me not to leave thee so,
Or turn from following thee;
Where'er thou goest I will go,
Thy home my home shall be!

The path thou treadest, hear my vow,
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now;
Thy God shall be my God!

Reft of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art nigh;
Whene'er thou grievest I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die!

And may the Lord, whose hand hath wrought
This weight of misery,
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me!

HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME.

He never said he loved me;
Nor hymned my beauty's praise;
Yet there was something more than words
In his full, ardent gaze:
He never gave his passion voice;
Yet on his flushing cheek,
I read a tale more tender far
Than softest tones could speak!

He never said he loved me;
Yet, when none else were nigh,
How could I hear, and doubt the truth,
His low, unbidden sigh!
The throbs of his tumultuous heart,
That faint, sweet breath above;
What tongue could syllable so well
The tale of hope and love!

He never said he loved me;
To silent worship vowed,
The deep devotion of his soul
He never breathed aloud;—
Though if he raised his voice in song,
As swelled each tenderer tone,
It seemed as if designed to reach
My ear and heart alone!

He never said he loved me;
Yet the conviction came,
Like some great truth that stirs the soul
Ere yet it knows its name!
Some angel-whisper of a faith
That long defied our ken,
And made us almost feel that life
Had scarce begun till then!

And have I said *I* love him;
Alas, for maiden pride,
That feelings he hath ne'er revealed,
I have not learned to hide!
And yet *clairvoyant* Love informs
His votaries' hearts so well,
That long before 'tis time to speak,
There's nothing left to tell!

THEY ARE NO MORE.

ILS NE SONT PLUS!
OLD FRENCH SONG.

They are no more, they are no more,
The ardent hopes and visions high,
That filled my glowing heart of yore,
And gave my fancy wings to fly;
The love I thought would never die;
The faith that every doubt forbore;
The stalwart arm and eagle eye;—
They are no more, they are no more!

The trusted friends, companions gay,
Who trod with me youth's pleasant road,
Who cheered me on my 'venturous way,
And lightened half the pilgrim's load;
Where are they now? Estranged or dead,
Or wanderers on some distant shore;
By fate impelled, or fancy led,
To me, alas, they are no more!

And where are now, oh, where are now,
The buoyant step, and lighter heart;
The cordial smile, untroubled brow,
That once were of my life a part?
Warped, withered, chilled by bitter wrong,
My heart's best impulses are o'er;
Even fancy's spells, the power of Song,
They are no more, they are no more!

With nothing left to live for here,
I fain would pass in peace away;
My heart and hopes alike grown sere,
Why should I longer here delay;
So that some being of kindred clay,—
Life's wild and fitful fever o'er,—
May of my faults but, sorrowing, say
They are no more, they are no more!

D. Roberts, R.A. R. Wallis.

GREECE.

WRITTEN IN DOCTOR C. WORDSWORTH'S "GREECE."

Land of heroic deeds and deathless song;
Thou Pharos bright to many a wondering age;
What glorious shapes around me seem to throng,
When'er I turn thy sad, eventful page!

Fall'n as thou art, thy form hath not yet lost
The regal aspect that of old it wore;
Ruined and wronged, discrowned and tempest-tost,
Ghost of the godlike thing thou wert of yore!

A halo rests upon each crumbling fane,
And bathes in light each mountain pinnacle;
And thy broad ocean, and thy battle plain,
Sleep in the twilight of thy glory still!

Though tower and temple, tomb and shrine decay,
Till not a stone remains their tale to tell;
Time cannot wear the' eternal hills away,
Nor stay the rivers from their sides that well!

He cannot blot from out thy fading face
Platæa's field, the Plain of Marathon;
The site of "sea-born Salamis" erase;
Or cloud the fame thy dauntless chiefs have won.

Still Jove's Olympus cleaves the upper sky,
And Peneus winds fair Tempe's vale along;
Parnassus lifts his forked head on high,
And Castaly still weeps her tears of song.

There too the Muses' mount, from whose pure breast,
No noxious herb was ever known to spring;
With its twin fountains in their bright unrest,
And murmuring bees for ever on the wing.

And there Hymettus, "flowery hill," looks down
On Plato's haunts, the groves of Academe;
The' immortal city, with her marble crown;
And smooth Ilissus' ever devious stream.

And by her guardian Titans circled round,
Its name a spell-word sweet that typifies
Whate'er of peace on earth may yet be found,
Thy verdant vale divine Arcadia lies!

Than war more ruthless, though the Muses' bower,
("The great Emathian conqueror bid spare,")
Hath felt, at length, Time's desolating power,
And lifts its crownless head in "ruin bare;"

He cannot chase the glowing forms from earth
That people still each valley, hill, and stream;
He may not drive from our domestic hearth,
The fond beliefs o'er which we love to dream:

The old traditions; linking many a name
With deeds, even now, that wake a wondering thrill;
With tales of gentle hearts, and souls of flame,
Whose loves and sorrows stir our pity still!

There Lesbian Sappho, from Leucadia's steep,
  Darts,—in the deep her burning heart to hide;
There Hero loves her fruitless watch to keep,
  With waving torch, by Helle's stormy tide!

And by her rock on Naxos' desert shore,
  With streaming eyes, and clasped beseeching hands
Outstretched to one who will return no more,
  The fond, too trusting Ariadne stands!

Still Hero's love and faithful sorrow live;
  Leander's daring heart and vigorous arm;—
Still Sappho's wild, despairing griefs survive
  In kindred hearts as erring and as warm.

And many an Ariadne, left to weep
  O'er broken vows her blighted life away;
Her hopeless vigils still is doomed to keep;
  For faith too deep the forfeit sad to pay.

Beautiful dreams; though sorrowful as sweet,
  Cold is the creed that would your truth deny;
Is woman's deep, devoted love a cheat;
  Or man's caprice a thing of days gone by?

WRITTEN IN DOCTOR C. WORDSWORTH'S "GREECE."

Land of heroic deeds and deathless song;
Though thou canst never be thyself again;
Though parricidal hands have wrought the wrong
That makes all hope for thee but wild and vain;

Till Valour, Wisdom, Genius, Liberty,
Stars of this nether sphere, have ceased to shine;
Thy sacred name the trumpet-call shall be;
To wake ennobling thoughts of thee and thine!

LEAVES FROM A POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WRITTEN ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY; UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES OF GREAT MENTAL DEPRESSION.

Tell me not a radiant morrow
  Follows oft the gloomiest night;
That the darkest cloud of sorrow
  Sometimes hides a world of light;
If the heart hath long been pining,
  Faint and sick with hope's delay,
And the star above us shining,
  Veils from earth its guiding ray.

Evil days have overtaken,
  With their storm-charged clouds my way;
And my soul, till now unshaken,
  Shrinks within its coil of clay:
Even the Muse,—invoked not often,
  Save to soothe the spirit's wrong,
Pride to tame, or grief to soften,—
  Half withholds the power of Song!

Foul Oppression, fiercer, stronger,
That her step I strove to stay,
Till my feeble arm no longer
Might her trampling hoofs delay,—
Treads me down: no more my trust is
In my buoyant faith of old;
What can Reason, Truth, or Justice,
'Gainst the giant might of gold!

Stormy skies are lowering o'er me;
Raging billows gird me round;
And the gloom that spreads before me
Grows but more and more profound:
Not a beacon-light is left me,
To my distant port a clew;
Fate, at one fell swoop, hath reft me
Of both chart and compass too!

Like a gallant ship succumbing,
That no more obeys her helm,
Bide I now the tenth wave coming,
With its mandate to o'erwhelm:
O'er my hopes, a clean breach making,
Sweeps that flood of wrack and wrong;
Rending stays, and bulwarks breaking,
Which I once believed so strong!

Whilst upon the scene of ruin,
From his covert safe on high,
On the storm his work is doing,
Glares the Wrecker's baleful eye!
As the stout ship goes to pieces,
Torn each stalwart limb from limb,
How his sordid joy increases,
If some fragment drifts to him!

Once, of old, my glad way winning,
Youth and Hope both led me on;
Now, once more the world beginning,
Hope and Youth alike are gone:
Sad Experience, bought how dearly,
Cruel, seldom to be kind;
Like the stern-light, shows too clearly
But the track we leave behind!

Friends with whom in youth I started
On life's first adventurous way,
Once so warm and genial-hearted,
One by one have dropped away!
Some, earth's vain turmoil exchanging
For the land that knows no wrong;
Others Fortune's smiles estranging
From the weak, when *they* grew strong!

Summer friends, like swallows trooping,
Come when sunshine warms the heart,
But at winter's advent drooping,
For less chilling skies depart:
Foes, like stormy petrels flocking
'Round the doomed and labouring bark,
Deepening woe, misfortune mocking,
Come when heaven is wild and dark!

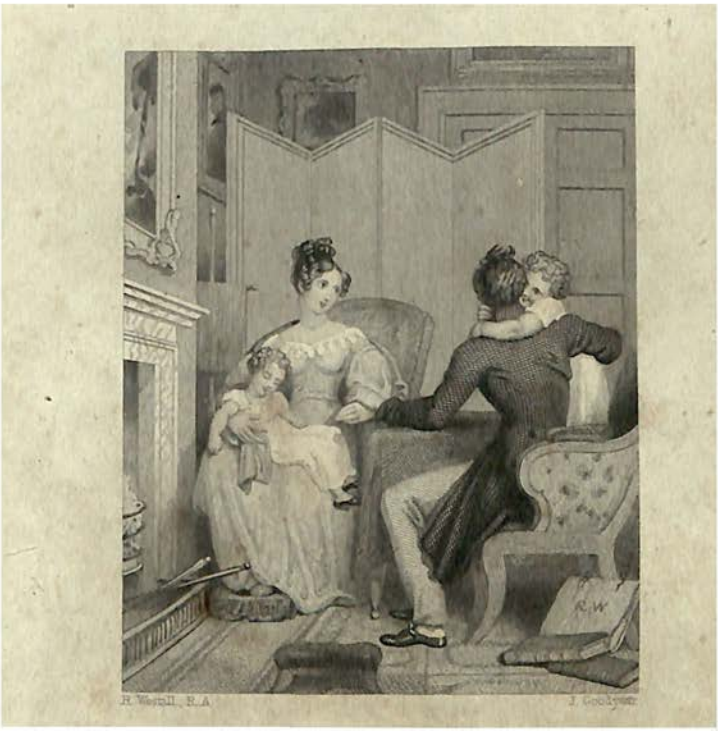
Many a year, ambition dulling,
Irksome labour claimed my pen;
At the oar incessant pulling
'Mid the stir and strife of men!
From more calm pursuits diverted
To a task I plied in vain,
Tastes abandoned, haunts deserted,
Which, though late, I seek again!

Long Fate's adverse current cleaving,
With a bold and sturdy stroke,
Hoping still, and still believing,
Did I bear that galling yoke!
Day and night, not seldom, toiling,
Wanting that which sweetens toil;
Life of half its joys despoiling,
Bartering peace for wild turmoil!

Manhood's vigorous prime exhausted;
All the flowering years of life;
Health impaired, acquirements wasted
In that long and fruitless strife;
Just as Fortune's tide was turning,
And my respite all but won;
For the hard-earned haven yearning,
But for others' sakes alone;

Lawless Rapine, hundred-handed,
Sordid, cunning, bold, and strong,
With her base familiars banded,
Falsehood, Fraud, Revenge, and Wrong;
Of that poor reward bereft me;
Swept my household Gods away;
Ravaged even my hearth, and left me,
Save in heaven, no single stay!

But the great and just Redresser,
(Who may 'scape unscathed His frown,)
That can strike the rich oppressor
In his rampant triumph down;
May vouchsafe me His protection,
Sweeten even this bitter cup;
And from "profitless dejection"
Lift my trampled spirit up!



MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its hallowed limit.

SOUTHEY.

Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball, or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,

I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fire-side!

My own fire-side! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small, white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine:
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine,
Than thou—my own fire-side!

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;—

To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fire-side!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair,
By thee—my own fire-side!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is half subdued;
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the world's proud fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fire-side!

Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!

Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys,
To thee—my own fire-side!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fire-side!

A LADY IN A FLORENTINE COSTUME;

PAINTED BY HENRY HOWARD, ESQ., R.A.

Art thou some vision of the olden time;
Some glowing type of beauty, faded long;
A radiant daughter of that radiant clime,
Renowned for sunshine, chivalry, and song?

Was it for thee that Tasso woke in vain
The love-lorn 'plainings of his matchless lyre;
Was thine the frown that chilled him with disdain,—
Crushed his wild hopes, and quenched his minstrel fire?

Or art thou she for whom young Guido pined;
Whom Raffaelle saw in his impassioned dream;
The ray that flashed, in slumber, on his mind,
And o'er his canvas shed so bright a beam?

No, no;—a masquer in its gay attire,
A breathing mockery of Ausonia's grace;—
Thine is a charm as fitted to inspire,
With more than all their sweetness in thy face.

I see thee stand, in beauty's richest bloom,—
In youth's first budding spring,—before me now;
A shade of tenderest sadness, not of gloom,
Tempering the brightness of thy jewelled brow!

Thy dark hair clustering 'round thy pensive face,
Like shadowy clouds about a summer-moon;
Thy fair hands folded with a queenly grace;
Thy cheek soft blushing like the rose in June.

Thine eyelid gently drooping o'er an eye
Whose chastened light bespeaks the soul within;
Lips full of sweetness; maiden modesty,
That awes the bosoms it hath deigned to win.

There stand for aye; defying Time or Care
To make thee seem less beautiful than now;
Years cannot thin that darkly flowing hair,
Nor grief indent thy pure and polished brow.

Whilst unto her from whom those lines had birth,
A briefer span but brighter doom is given;
To wane and wither like a thing of earth,
And only know immortal bloom in heaven.

TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

NOW MRS. SOUTHEY.

I know thee only in thy page
  Of simplest truth, by taste refined;—
But though I ne'er have seen thy face,
Not seldom, do I love to trace
  The features of thy mind!

Pure as the calm, sequestered stream,
  That winds its way through flowers and fern;
Now gliding here, now wandering there,
Diffusing coolness everywhere,
  Refreshing all in turn:—

So do thy strains, serene and sweet,
  Well from their calm, untroubled shrine;
Winning their way from heart to heart,
And healing many a mourner's smart,
  With balsam, half divine!

What though I ne'er have clasped thy hand,
I see thee oft in Fancy's glass;
"Edwin" and "Ranger" in thy train,
Pacing across the village plain,
The "Broken Bridge" to pass.

And mark thy devious footsteps threading
The "Churchyard's" green and grassy rise;
Now, stopping by some fresh-made grave,
News of the timeless dead to crave,
To make the living wise.

Or by the "open casement sitting,"
With "autumn's latest flowers" before thee;
Drinking thy "Birdie's" merry notes,
Or tracking the sun as he proudly floats
To his haven of rest and glory.

And when grey Twilight weaves her web,
And the sounds of day-life melt away;
In thy "garden-plot" I see thee stand,
Watching the "night-stock's" leaves expand,
Or framing some soothing lay.

Some low, sweet dirge, of softest power
To stir the bosom's inmost strings;—
When friends departed, pleasures fled,
Or a sinless infant's dying bed,
Are the themes thy fancy brings.

Oh! much I love to steal away
From garish strains, that mock my heart;
To steep my soul in lays like thine,
And pause o'er each wildly-witching line,
Till my tears, unbidden, start.

For thou hast ever been to me
A gentle monitor and friend;—
And I have gathered from thy song,
Thoughts full of balm for grief and wrong,
That solace while they mend.

Hence, have I sought in simple phrase,
To give my gratitude a tongue;
And if one stricken heart I bring,
For comfort, to the self-same spring,
Not vainly have I sung.

Adieu! We ne'er may meet on earth,
Yet I feel I know thee passing well;—
And when a pensive face I see,
Fair as my cherished thoughts of thee,
I'll deem it thine—FAREWELL!

A WITHERED ROSE.

IN A VOLUME OF UNPUBLISHED POEMS, BY MISS G F. ROSS.

Nay, do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown,
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own:
Hidden beneath each withered leaf,
A chastening spell, to memory dear;
May yield that burthened heart relief,
When HOPE itself is sere.

There let it lie, 'mid records sweet,
By feeling prompted, genius graced;
Type of their fate, memorial meet
Of "young affections run to waste!"
Left on their stem—how fugitive—
Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;
But thus embalmed, will seem to live,
Till MEMORY'S self be dead!

KIRKSTALL ABBEY REVISITED.

> The echoes of its vaults are eloquent;
> The stones have voices, and the walls do live:
> It is the house of Memory!
>
> MATURIN.

Long years have passed since last I strayed,
In boyhood, through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;—
And saw the bright, broad, moving moon
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!

The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seemed to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river flowed away,
Devious as error, deep as love,
And blue and bright as heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of golden light,—
Type of that hour of deep repose,—
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,
Thy time-worn tower arose,—
Brightening above the wreck of years,
Like FAITH amid a world of fears.

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,
And gained its ivy-mantled brow;
But broken—ruined—who may dare
Ascend that pathway now?
Life was an upward journey then;—
When shall my spirit mount again!

The steps in youth I loved to tread,
Have sunk beneath the foot of Time;
Like them the daring hopes that led
Me, once, to heights sublime,
Ambition's dazzling dreams are o'er,
And I may scale those heights no more!

And years have fled, and now I stand
Once more beside thy shattered fane,
Nerveless alike in heart and hand,
How changed by grief and pain,
Since last I loitered here, and deemed
Life was the fairy thing it seemed!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,
What visions meet my mental eye;
For every stone of thine recalls
Some trace of years gone by;—
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,
Some hope decayed, or passion past!

Ay, thoughts come thronging on my soul,
Of sunny youth's delightful morn;
When free from Sorrow's dark control,
By pining Care unworn,—
Dreaming of Fame, and Fortune's smile,
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe
Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight, consuming slow
The springs that life sustain,—
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!

How bright is every scene beheld
In youth and hope's unclouded hours;
How darkly, youth and hope dispelled,
The loveliest prospect lowers:
Thou wert a splendid vision then;—
When wilt thou seem so bright again!

Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold.

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,
That made thee seem so passing fair,—
The aspirations wild and high,
The soul to nobly dare,—
Oh, where are they, stern ruin, say?—
Thou dost but echo—where are they!

Adieu!—Be still to other hearts
What thou wert long ago to mine;
And when the blissful dream departs,
Do thou a beacon shine,
To guide the mourner, through his tears,
To the blest scenes of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no prouder boon,
  Than that my parting hour may be
Bright as the evening skies of June;—
  Thus, thus to fade like thee,
With heavenly FAITH'S soul-cheering ray
To gild with glory my decay!

THE SILENT TOAST.

Health to ONE whose cherished name,
  'Twere a mockery here to tell;
Jocund friends forbear to blame,
  If I keep my secret well!
Not when revelry grows loud,
  And the jest and song abound,—
To a holier worship vowed,—
  Would I whisper such a sound!

'Tis not incense offered to her,
  In my hours of heartless mirth;
But a homage deeper, truer,
  That may best beseem her worth;
Yet the toast I will not pass,
  In my heart of hearts I'll think it;—
Fill me then a brimming glass,
  And to HER I LOVE I'll drink it!

THE RETURN FROM INDIA.

But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man.

CRABBE.

The haunts of my boyhood are gleaming around me,
All bright in the sunshine that graced them of yore;
But where are the heart-cherished hopes that have bound me
Through the changes of years to this fondly loved shore?
Can the riches of earth, that like curses surround me,
Life's young dream of delight to my longings restore!

The same summer landscape beside me is smiling;
The same summer ocean before me is spread;
All transparent as truth, and in peace as beguiling,
As when first from these shores o'er its waters I sped;
My lorn heart from each home-nurtured vision exiling,
To return when the hopes that were fairest had fled.

Accursed be the fatal ambition that bore me
From yon vale of repose and its transports untold;
Accursed the dark spell that so long lingered o'er me,
And detained me from bliss, though with fetters of gold:
Can my dearly-earned wealth for one moment restore me
The feelings and thoughts that enchanted of old!

But a few painful years,—so I thought in my sorrow,—
And my spirit shall break so degrading a chain;
Yet another, one more, from life's sunshine I'll borrow,
Then seek the green haunts of my childhood again:
Seasons waned, wealth increased, still I spake of the morrow;
Now the bubble hath burst, and I seek them in vain!

Though the tears when our last parting moments were fleeting,
And my bark had unfurled her white wings in the bay,
Were heart-rending and wild, and unwelcome the greeting
That called me from home's calm enjoyments away,—
Far keener my anguish, more bitter my meeting
With the friends who are waiting to clasp me to-day!

The willow I planted, meek mourner, is drooping
Its silver-green boughs yon bright streamlet beside;—
What a host of sad thoughts on my memory is trooping,
Of joys that have withered, and hopes that have died,
As I turn from that tree, in humility stooping,
To *my* stubborner dreams of ambition and pride!

Every bush with a burst of wild music is ringing;
Not a breath but is loaded with odours divine;
In the old trysting-thorn its lone blackbird is singing
A descant of grief o'er the day-star's decline;
And the lark to her nest in the clover is winging
Her way, with a heart how much lighter than mine!

There the old village church in the radiance is burning,
With its tall chancel-window all flashing with fire;
And its glossy green ivy, sun chequered, is turning
To gold, as of yore, but seems broader and higher:
Oh, would that MY heart, for calm happiness yearning,
Thus had learned in the precincts of peace to aspire!

What a brood of fond thoughts to my heart-strings are clinging;
In each tree, each grey stone, some sad record I see;
Not a breath o'er yon low garden wall but is flinging
A perfume abroad that is vocal to me:
Not a sight, not a sound, not a scent but is bringing
Some vision of bliss that no longer may be.

'Neath the roof-tree I stand that o'ershadows the dwelling
That once shielded my childhood from sorrow and sin;
With what breathless emotion my bosom is swelling,
Now the haven is gained I've so panted to win;—
All WITHOUT is the same; but low whispers are telling
Of the heart-wringing changes that 'wait me WITHIN!

Ay, wild is my grief as I gaze on my mother,
In the tears of her dotage decrepid and weak;
As I shrink from the time-wrinkled brow of my brother,
My sister's sad smile, and her care-stricken cheek;—
Then look round for the welcome and kiss of another;
'Till a glance hath revealed more than language can speak!

Scarce a blessing remains but is darkened or faded;
Scarce a friend of my youth but is dead or estranged;
Not a vision of hope my fond fancy had braided,
But some bliss-blighting chance hath destroyed or deranged;—
Not a promise of joy, but some sorrow has shaded;
Not a dear one is left, save in spirit, unchanged.

Wealth and honours are mine: but can riches secure me
The sinless enjoyments of days that are gone;
Can the phantom of Fame that from home could allure me,
For the blessings I've bartered to gain it atone?
Fatal gifts, in my anguish of soul I abjure ye;
All that sweetened and brightened existence is gone!

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!

BURNS.

My sweet one, my sweet one, the tears were in my eyes
When first I clasped thee to my heart, and heard thy feeble cries;—
For I thought of all that I had borne, as I bent me down to kiss
Thy cherry lips, and sunny brow, my first-born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope, to years of grief and pain,
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world flashed o'er my boding brain;—
I thought of friends, grown worse than cold, of persecuting foes,
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these must mar thy youth's repose!

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half blinded by my tears,—
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came brightening on my fears;—
Sweet rays of hope that, fairer shone 'mid the clouds of gloom that bound them,
As stars dart down their loveliest light when midnight skies are 'round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's brief hour is o'er,
And a father's anxious fears for thee can fever me no more!
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes, that blossomed at thy birth,—
They too have fled, to prove how frail are cherished things of earth!

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child, but though brief thy span below,
To me it was a little age of agony and woe;
For, from thy first faint dawn of life thy cheek began to fade,
And my lips had scarce thy welcome breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt in shade.

Oh, the child in its hours of health and bloom that is dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized, more fondly loved, in sickness and in pain;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe, when every hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to my soul, for all that thou hadst cost!

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we watched thee, day by day,
Pale like the second bow of Heaven, as gently waste away;
And, sick with dark foreboding fears we dared not breathe aloud,
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to wait death's coming cloud!

It came at length;—o'er thy bright blue eye the film was
gathering fast,—
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow, the deepest
and the last;—
In thicker gushes strove thy breath,—we raised thy droop-
ing head;—
A moment more—the final pang—and thou wert of the dead!

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide her face from
me,
And murmured low of Heaven's behests, and bliss attained
by thee;—
She would have chid me that I mourned a doom so blest
as thine,
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in tears as wild
as mine!

We laid thee down in thy sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our only solace
now;
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers, not
more fair and sweet,—
Twin rose-buds in thy little hands, and jasmine at thy
feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair perchance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the sunshine of thy brow,—
They never can replace the bud our early fondness nurst;
They may be lovely and beloved, but not, like thee, the FIRST!

The FIRST! How many a memory bright that one sweet word can bring,
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's delightful spring;—
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds of bliss
That germinate in hearts unsered by such a world as this!

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest and my First!
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my heart is like to burst;
But gleams of gladness through my gloom their soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried, when I turn to what thou art!

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the stain of
earth,
With not a taint of mortal life except thy mortal birth,
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so many
thirst,
And bliss, eternal bliss, is thine, my Fairest and my
First!

THE WHARFE REVISITED.

Yet once again, bright river, once again,
I come to tread thy wild and winding shore!
What blissful moments, and what hours of pain,
Hath my soul numbered, since the Muses' lore
Last on thy banks I conned. But not in vain
Hath life for me its chequered page unrolled
Of varied grief and joy; I now behold
Its shifting scenes, and Iris-tinted train,
With calmer eye, and less impassioned heart:
True, I have seen full many a hope decay,
And cherished visions like thy waves depart;
Yet other dreams, as fair perchance as they,
Unto my world-worn spirit have been given,
Filled, like thy radiant face, with hues of light from heaven!

WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

We plighted vows together,
When all Nature 'round looked gay,
In the bright and genial weather
Of the merry month of May;
When the buds had opened into flower,
The cuckoo taken wing,
To herald, with her voice of power,
To other lands the Spring!

We plighted vows together,
When earth wore her richest green,
On the birch-tree's silvery feather
When a deeper shade was seen;
The laburnum, spendthrift of our bower,
Its gold had dropped around;
And the hawthorn blossom's snowy shower
Was whitening all the ground!

WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

When we plighted vows together,
  May was melting into June,
And the smiles of that bright weather
  Taught the brook a lower tune;
Whose music though it soothed mine ear,
  And bade my soul rejoice,
Was not so silver-sweet and clear
  As the heart-tones of thy voice!

When we plighted vows together,
  Scarce a sound beside was heard,
Through the far and cloudless ether,
  Save the carol of a bird;
Or the honey-bee's glad humming,
  As she bore her sweets away;
For she knew 'twas summer coming,
  And like all the world was gay!

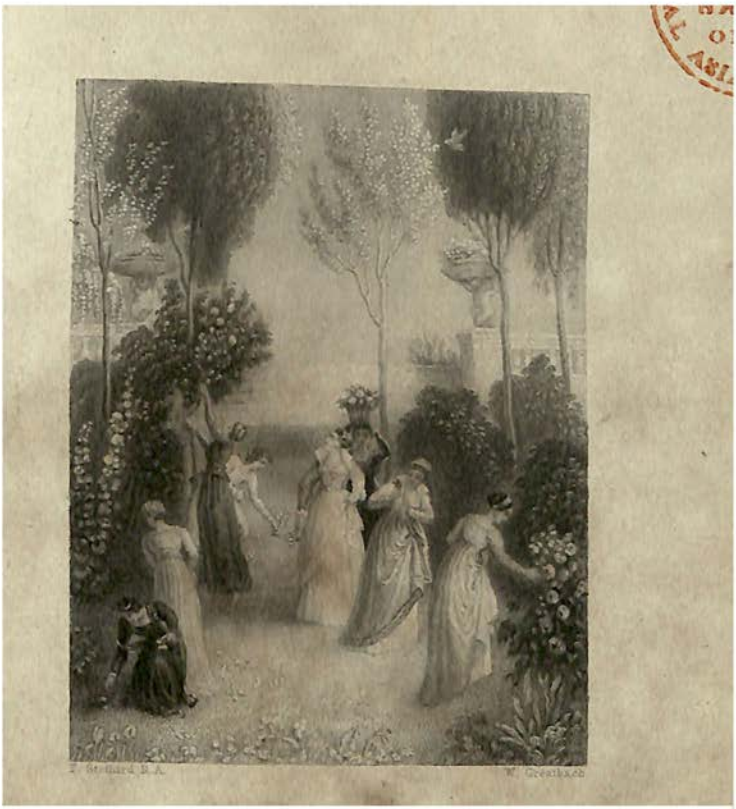
When we plighted vows together,
  No sad future met our ken,
For we thought that sunny weather
  Would always smile as then;
And, that if May gave way to June,
  Those laughing skies would last:
Alas! how darkly, and how soon,
  Our heaven was overcast!

WE PLIGHTED VOWS TOGETHER!

Since we plighted vows together,
In the merry month of May,
Oh, how stormy wild the weather
That has crossed our onward way!
Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are gone,
With their chequered gloom and glow;
Yet, far off the goal in fancy won
So many years ago!

The faith we pledged together
Has known nor chill nor change,
And wedlock's silken tether
Has brought no wish to range;
For our hearts are warm as when of old,
Love's trysting bower within,
Our guileless passion to unfold,
We never deemed a sin!

Since we trod life's path together,
What wild changes have we known;
Hopes, that blossomed but to wither,
Joys, unheeded, all, till flown!
But can Winter freeze love's genial spring,
In hearts like ours that flows?
No; let him come, so he but bring
His wisdom with his snows!



THE POET'S HOME.

Thus in this calm retreat so richly fraught
With mental light and luxury of thought,
His life steals on.

ROGERS.

'Tis the "leafy month of June,"
And the faintly glimmering moon,
In the East her cresset rearing,
Shows that summer's eve is wearing;

But the Sun is lingering still
O'er the old accustomed hill;
Twilight's shadows hovering 'round him,
Like a king, when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!
See, the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,
Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul hath fled;
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerous dyes!

Not a sound disturbs the hush,
Save the silver streamlet's gush,
As it leaps, with many a bound,
From the depth of shades profound;
Now through tangled brushwood straying,
Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
But, while seeming most to stay,
Gliding fast as bliss away:
Cooling zephyrs bathe the brow,
With delicious fragrance now;
Incense sweet from many a bower,
Odours from each closing flower,
Breathed from yon sequestered vale,
O'er the charmed sense prevail,

Till the pulse forgets to move,
And the heart is drunk with love!

Where yon white clematis flings
Far and wide its starry rings,
Where the graceful jasmine's braid
Makes a green, eye-soothing shade,
And their shoots united rove
High the trellised porch above,
Deep embowered from vulgar ken,
Seek we now a Poet's Den!
Knock; no pampered menial there,
Rising from his cushioned chair,
With a supercilious eye,
Will measure your gentility;
And, if strange to rank and state,
Entrance bar, or bid you wait;
For the gentlest tap may win
Him you seek to let you in,
If for gentle deeds your name
Homage of his heart may claim:
Though Ambition's gorgeous train,
Welcome there may seek in vain;
And full-blown Pride, whate'er her store,
There, never finds an open door;
Though Fortune seldom roams that way,
And ne'er can be beguiled to stay,

And Wisdom, and her sister Reason,
Are visitors but once a season;
Yet Genius, with his laurel crown,
Not seldom quits the madding town,
Sick of its tumult, dust, and glare,
To breathe a little country air;
And there, with Taste his guide, alights
To set his ruffled wings to rights;—
Content, until he soars anew,
There to find "audience meet though few."

Yes, it is sweet, from care and toil,
The busy Babel's wild turmoil,
The hollow and obstreperous crowd,
Its Io Pæans long and loud,
Its worthless idols, worshipped, 'till
Deposed by idols baser still,—
To steal away, and taste the bliss
Of quiet, in a nook like this!
With all that can to earth endear one,
And only kindred spirits near one;
All that to life enjoyment lends,
Books, leisure, health, and cherished friends:
With nothing in the world to do,
But range yon ample garden through,
Or loiter in the chequered shade,
By these wide-spreading branches made;

Suspend the dripping oar, and dream,
Hour after hour, on yonder stream,
That winds its flowery meads among,
Radiant as Hope, when Hope was young,
With all the rainbow colours rife
That sometimes make a heaven of life.
But bend your head, and pass between
Yon climbing jasmine's tendrils green;
Put thoughts of grandeur and of pride,
With its intrusive boughs aside,
And, each sublimer fancy quelling,
Enter a Poet's humble dwelling;
Nor start, if 'neath that roof you find
Some tokens of his heart and mind!

Bright confusion revels there,
And seldom had a realm more fair:
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined;
Tomes of wild, romantic lore,
Culled from Fancy's richest store;
(Caskets full of gems sublime
From the teeming sea of Time;)
Poets, Fame herself hath crowned,
People all the walls around:
Homer's Tale of Troy divine;
Rough old Chaucer's racy line;

Sweetest Spenser's honied rhymes;
Shakspere's "mirror for all times;"
Stately Milton's lofty hymn
Of embattled Seraphim;
Dryden's flood, that sweeps along
Like a river broad and strong;
Polished Pope's melodious wit,
As summer lightning keen and bright;
Records of "sweet Auburn's" fate,
Her primal bliss and ruined state,
That 'round her blighted bowers have thrown
A halo courts have never known,
And made her name the cherished theme,
Of many an exiled wanderer's dream;
Pensive Collins' silvery lay;
Thoughts that breathe of forceful Gray;
Ayr's proud peasant's words of flame,
(Scotland's glory and her shame!)
He who sang the fireside bright,
Of the cotter's winter night,
And the suppliant group that raise
To heaven their notes of prayer and praise,
With that deep and fervent zeal,
Lowly hearts alone can feel.

Mystic fragments strew the ground,
Like the oracles profound

Of the Delphic prophetess,
And as difficult to guess!
Crystal vases filled with flowers
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers;
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair,
Love-gifts from his lady fair;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softest sighs,
And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise;
Here, a broken, stringless lute;
There, a masquer's antic suit;
Fencing foils, a Moorish brand,
Trophies strange from many a land,
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been:
Armour bright of one who bore
Chivalry's tried lance of yore;
Breast-plate rich, and shield of price,
Veined with many a quaint device,
Sword of proof, and mailed glove,
With the crested helm above;
And many a pictured form of grace,
Many a sweet but pensive face,
Stamped in Beauty's richest bloom,
Sheds its halo through the room;

Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright!
Raffaelle's more than mortal grace;
Guido's sad, imploring face;
Dolce's Man of many woes;
Claude's surpassing bright Repose;
Stothard's woodland groups that seem
Emanations of a dream;
Such as sweetest Una, when
"Compassed 'round by savage men;"
Or the "Lady" pure as fair,
Who left unharmed the "enchanted Chair;"
Howard's elfin forms that rise
With the rainbow to the skies,
In the "plighted clouds that play"
Through the livelong summer day;
Or with fair Sabrina, come
From her coral palace home,
'Neath the "cool translucent wave,"
Innocence from guile to save;
Or with printless, flying feet,
When, by moonlight, fairies meet,
Tripping o'er the ribbed sea sand
At the elfin queen's command,
As the swift waves ebb and flow,
Dancing, glancing, to and fro.

Mark those infant twins that kneel,
Side by side, in joint appeal
To their Father, throned on high,
And with song would glorify
His exceeding Grace, that they
Have been spared another day!

Who can look on them, nor deem
Heaven the fittest home for them!
Purest of created things,
Wanting only angel-wings,
To put off earth's coil and rise
Into worlds beyond the skies,
Hallelujahs there to sing
Worthy Heaven's eternal King!
Hark! the Saviour seems to say,
Suffer, nor forbid that they
Come where I have led the way!
Peril not their lasting bliss,
For of such my kingdom is!
Oh! if innocence so young,
Heart unschooled, and simple tongue,
To the bliss may thus attain
Which so many seek in vain;
What, with all their learned lore,
Can earth's wise ones hope for more!

Lo! where yon uplifted eyes
Seem to commune with the skies,
And rebuke all human passion
With their silent adoration;
Penitential tears revealing
All the bruised heart is feeling!

Not in vain that heart is riven,
She repents, and is forgiven!
See that Virgin Mother mild,
Bending o'er her radiant child,
With affection so intense
It absorbs each other sense;
And, half unmindful of his birth,
She loves him like a thing of earth;
Till the light around him streaming,
Straight dispels her low-born dreaming!
Would you learn to suffer? Bow
To yon thorn-encircled brow!
Can earth's common griefs compare
With the woe depicted there;
Or its keenest tortures vie
With that mortal agony?
Bow the head, and bend the knee,
Such the anguish borne for thee!
Look upon that sunset ocean,
With its undulating motion,
'Neath the flood of radiance glowing,
And with scarce a murmur flowing:
Not a ripple but grows bright,
In its own peculiar light;
Not a tree or ruin hoary,
But puts on its garb of glory;

Not a ship or headland bold,
But is steeped in burnished gold!

Look! A garden trim, and fair,
Exuding on the pearly air,
Subtle odours that dispense
Vigour to each drooping sense,
And can bid the soul uprise
Like the lark into the skies!
There, no dreadful Dragon keeps
Watch and ward, and never sleeps;
Nor are yon luxuriant trees,
Guarded by the Hesperides:
But a band, perchance as fair,
Pleasure-bound, are loitering there,
Plucking now a flower, or fruit,
Training now some vagrant shoot;
Here o'er dew-charged roses bending,
There a broken lily tending;
And, on tip-toe, striving now
To bring down the richest bough;
Which, as old-world sages teach,
Always grows beyond the reach.

Look again! A woodland scene,
And 'neath its umbrageous screen,
Where the sun's leaf-mellowed light
Falls attempered on the sight,

Like wind-troubled flowers that bend
Wheresoe'er the breeze may tend,
Swaying here, or stooping there,
To each impulse of the air,
Gay and graceful forms advance,
Mingling in the mazy dance!
All as light of heart as though
Death could never lay them low!

By the open lattice sitting,
Fevered dreams of beauty flitting
O'er his heart and o'er his brain,
In one bright, unbroken chain;
Drinking deep, through every sense,
Draughts of pleasure too intense;
Mark the Poet's glistening eye,
Wandering now o'er earth and sky!
'Tis a blissful hour to him,
Slave of feeling, child of whim,
Builder of the lofty rhyme,
Bard, Musician, Painter, Mime;
Ever swayed by impulse strong,
Each by turns, but nothing long!
Still in search of idle toys,
Pining after fancied joys;
All that charmed his heart and eye,
Sought—possessed—and then thrown by!

Doomed on shadows thus to brood,
Whilst life's more substantial good,
All that wiser bosoms prize,
Fades like day from yonder skies.

THE SLEEPING CUPID OF GUIDO.

SKETCH FROM THE WELL KNOWN PICTURE IN THE GALLERY OF EARL FITZWILLIAM.

I.

'Tis summer's softest eve; the winds are laid,
The jarring sounds of day-life are at rest,
And all is calm and soothing; not a shade
Mars the blue beauty of the skies: the west,
Gathering its hues of splendour from the crest
Of yonder setting sun, is changing fast
From sapphire to bright gold; old ocean's breast
Is one broad plain without a cloud o'ercast:
'Tis day's divinest hour, its loveliest, and its last.

II.

Tired of his sport, the wreck of human hearts,
There, on his mother's couch in slumber bound,
The God of Love reclines;—his idle darts,
Those ministers of woe, lie scattered 'round:
But that he guards, amid his dreams profound,

With so much jealous care, his unstrung Bow,
How might we now his vaunted strength confound;
From his own quiver pay the debt we owe,
And, with one keen, bright shaft, pierce our unconscious foe!

III.

But who would wound a breast so passing fair!
Look! in immortal beauty where he lies:
His flushed cheek pillowed on his hand; his hair
Clustering, like sun-touched clouds in summer skies,
Around his glorious brow;—his twice-sealed eyes
With silken-fringed lids, like flowers that close
Their dewy cups at eve;—and lips whose dyes
Rival the crimson of the damask rose,
Wreathed with a thousand charms, all sweetness and repose.

IV.

Hush! for a footfall may disturb his sleep;
Hush even your breathing, for a breath may break
His visioned trance! But no, 'tis deep, most deep;
The last low sigh of evening fans his cheek,
And stirs his golden curls; the last bright streak
Of parting day is fading from the west;
Dim clouds are gathering round yon mountain's peak,
Yet still he sleeps; and his soft-heaving breast,
Bright wings, brow, lips, and eyes, are redolent of rest.

V.

Love, O young Love, how beautiful thou art!
The brightest dream that ever poet feigned
May scarce compare with thee! What though thy dart
The blood of many a gentle breast hath stained;
What though thy godlike powers thou hast profaned,
And proved to some an evil deity;
Yet, in thy softer moods, hast thou sustained
Full many a sinking heart; and thoughts of thee
Have often stilled the waves of this life's stormy sea!

VI.

Thou art, indeed, omnipotent—divine!
And the wide world is vocal with thy name:
Princes and peasants bow before thy shrine;
Whilst gentle Woman, in all lands the same,
For good or evil, oftenest swells thy fame!
Noble and serf, the despot and the slave,
(For even the slave, if Love his homage claim,
May wear a double chain), thy shafts must brave,
And own thy mighty power to ruin or to save!

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

When the lightnings flash on high,
And deep thunders rend the sky;
When the frantic hurricane
Makes all human efforts vain;
When the mighty ship is driven,
Tempest tossed, from earth to heaven,
And, reeling then beneath the blow,
Dives deep to ocean-caves below;—

Thou the Fisher's bark can'st guide
Safely o'er the raging tide!
Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee,
All glory now and ever be!

Ships with all their bravery on
Have in stormless seas gone down;
Some, 'neath War's torpedo shocks,
Others, pierced by hidden rocks,
Have their timbers opened wide
To the calm but treacherous tide;
One, in Port that rode supine,
Disappeared, and made no sign;
Whilst the Fisher's bark will ride
Safely o'er the fitful tide:
Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee,
All glory now and ever be!

For His blessed sake, who chose,
As his prime disciples, those
Who upon the mighty deep
Once the Fisher's watch would keep,
But became, with purer ken,
Fishers of their fellow men;—
Bade them be of steadfast cheer,
And nor blast nor billow fear;
Holiest Mother, Virgin fair,
Make my fragile bark thy care:

Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee,
All glory now and ever be!
For His blessed sake, whose will
Winds and waves at once could still,
And the labouring bark transport
Straightway to her destined port;
To her trembling crew, who said,
"It is I, be not afraid;"
And when Peter trod the wave,
Stretched his gracious hand to save;
Holiest Mother, Virgin fair,
Make this little bark thy care!
Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee,
All glory now and ever be!

For His sake who fishers three
Up the Mountain led, that He
Might unto their favoured eyes
Prove His mission from the skies;
And in raiment, dazzling white,
Stood before their wondering sight,
Bidding them reveal to men
What no eye had marked till then;
Holiest Mother, Virgin fair,
Make the Fisher's bark thy care!
Star of the Sea, to Thine and Thee,
All glory now and ever be!

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

By all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depths of spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day:

Whose form, like the willow, so slender and lithe,
Has a thousand wild motions of lightness and grace;
Whose innocent heart, ever buoyant and blithe,
Is the home of the sweetness that breathes from her face.

There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds;
With a black, regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds:

With a bosom, whose chords are so tenderly strung,
That a word, nay a look, will awaken its sighs;
With a face, like the heart-searching tones of her tongue,
Full of music that charms both the simple and wise.

In my moments of mirth, amid glitter and glee,
When my soul takes the hue that is brightest of any,
From her sister's enchantment my spirit is free,
And the bumper I quaff is a bumper to Fanny!

But, when shadows come o'er me of sickness or grief,
And my heart with a host of wild fancies is swelling,
From the blaze of her brightness I turn for relief
To the pensive and peace-breathing beauty of Helen!

"And when sorrow and joy are so blended together,
That to weep I'm unwilling, to smile am as loth;
When the beam may be kicked by the weight of a feather;
I would fain keep it even—by wedding them both!

"But since I *must* fix or on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;
Pr'ythee Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose!"

Thus murmured a Bard,—predetermined to marry;
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So, trusting that 'Fortune would favour the brave,'
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay;
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay!

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

The following verses are founded on a striking passage in the life of Pedro I. of Portugal, the husband of the fair, but ill-starred Inez de Castro. One of the first acts of Don Pedro, after his accession to the throne of Portugal, was to compel the King of Castile to deliver over to his vengeance the murderers of his wife, who, on the death of his father, Alfonso, had fled to the Spanish court for protection. On the day on which the prisoners, with their escort, were expected at Santarem, the King commanded a stupendous funeral pile to be erected upon the plain without the city, and a splendid banquet to be spread beside it. On the arrival of the cavalcade from Castile, the pyre was kindled, and, after addressing to the murderers a few words of eloquent invective, in reply to their earnest supplications for mercy, he directed them to be cast into the flames; whilst he and his assembled nobles sat down to the magnificent banquet that had been prepared for them. In the royal mausoleum of the monastery of Alcobaça are the tombs of Pedro and Inez. The sarcophagus of the King is surmounted by a recumbent effigy, which represents him with a severe countenance, in the act of drawing his sword.

On Santarèm's far spreading plain,
  There's a rush of helm and spear,
And the sudden burst of a warlike strain
  Comes dancing on the ear;—
And the banners wave, and the trumpets wail,
  And the silver cymbals clash;
And sounds are on the fitful gale,
  Like a stormy ocean's dash!

A murmur rises from the crowd
That girds King Pedro's throne,
Like the thunder peal that from cloud to cloud,
In its gathering might, rolls on:
And the shout that cleaves the noontide sky,
To a wilder shout gives birth;
That swells, like an army's battle-cry,
Till it shakes the solid earth.

'Tis the fierce, triumphant voice of hate;
Of blood the eager call;
'Tis the tiger's yell for his slaughtered mate,
Ere he springs to' avenge her fall!
And ten thousand hearts exult as one,
When that welcome band draws near;
And their cry, like the knell of mercy flown,
Still rings on the doomed ear!

What precious offering do they bring,
To feed a monarch's pride?—
A gift more grateful to their king
Than aught in the world beside!
Nor gems, nor gold, rich stores of art,
Barbaric spoils of war,—
But a treasure to his panting heart
More prized—more precious far!

The murderers of the martyred Bride
Who should have shared his crown;
The felon slaves that had defied
So long his iron frown;—
Are given to his red hand at last,—
Stand fettered in his sight;
And his kindling glance is on them cast,
With a fierce and grim delight!

"Demons! Nay, bend no fawning knee,
Your doom is fixed, your sentence said;
And such mercy shall ye wring from me
As ye vouchsafed the sinless dead!
"There's blood upon your dastard brands
That blood can only clear again;
There's guilt on those remorseless hands,
And fire, perchance, may cleanse the stain!

"Call me not cruel:—ye who turned
Your swords against a woman's breast;
Her pleading tears and beauty spurned,
And made her dying pangs your jest;
Call *me* not harsh, that thus I wreak
Late vengeance on your craven clay:
Help from a mightier Monarch seek;—
For mercy here 'twere vain to pray!

"Sweet Inez! by thy guiltless blood,
Unheeded wail, and fruitless tears;
By the love, even death hath not subdued;
By the calm delights of our early years;
By my widowed couch and withered heart;
By my broken hopes and burning brain;
By the feeling, now of my life a part;
By the vow, I never breathed in vain;—

"My vengeance shall not sleep;—and they
Who deem thine earthly reign is o'er,
Shall yet to thee their homage pay,
With awe they never felt before:—
Shall see thee sitting by my side,
Uprisen from thy dreamless rest;
The sharer of my 'place of pride,'—
A queen, a saint by all confessed!

"But hark! the signal trumpet's peal;
The pile is laid, the banquet spread:
Why gleams so many a glittering steel
Above each craven traitor's head?
Put up your thirsting swords; 'twere vain
To give yon pyre a lifeless prey;—
I'll not abate a single pain
To guilt like theirs;—away! away!"

Mid Alcobaça's storied gloom,
Two sculptured effigies recline;
A woman's one, in youth's first bloom;
A queen—a saint by many a sign!
There's a crown upon her placid brow,
And a regal robe around her thrown;
And charms that bid the gazer bow,
Are breathing from that simple stone.

And a warrior king is sleeping near,
With his sceptre by his side;
With a knitted brow and a look severe,
And a lip of scorn and pride!
His hand hath half unsheathed his sword,
As if some mortal foe defied;
He breathes some wild, revengeful word;—
'Twas thus King Pedro died!

GUARD AGAINST A RAINY DAY.

Guard against a rainy day;—
Though the skies be now so fair,
Yet a little while and they
May a gloomier aspect wear:

Fortune, too, so smiling now,
  Seeming all thy hopes to crown,
Soon may show an altered brow,
  And assume an angry frown!

Guard against a rainy day;—
  What though life were always Spring;
Even a smiling morn of May
  Unexpected showers may bring:
Friendship, though so warm of old,
  Will not bear an adverse sky;
Even Love, for lack of gold,
  May unfold his wings and fly!

Gold our master, and our slave,
  Can both dictate and obey:
What is there on earth we crave,
  That will not confess its sway?
Honour, friendship, love, and fame,
  Title, power, and men's respect,
He who highest bids may claim,
  If he be but circumspect.

Call not gold then worthless dross,
  That can purchase wealth like this;
And lend virtue's self a gloss,
  Fools might else be fain to miss.

Jewels, to the vulgar ken,
Though they be of price untold,
Are but duly valued, when
They are set in frames of gold.

Prophecies of future sorrow,
Who may venture to gainsay?
Clouds may break in floods to-morrow,
Gather honey whilst you may:
Nor forget to lay up store,
Where it ne'er can know decay;
Spring and summer soon are o'er,
Guard against a wintry day!

HYMN OF TRIUMPH OVER BABYLON.

How hath the fierce oppressor fall'n,
The Golden City ceased;
The sceptre of his power been broke,
The trampled heart released!
The staff the wicked loves to wield,
That long hath ruled the land,
At length, by an almighty blow,
Is shivered in his hand!

And he who, in his wanton wrath,
In heaven's and man's despite,
His people, with continual stroke,
For ever joyed to smite;
Who ruled them, in his anger stern,
With terror's iron rod,
Now lies all prostrate 'neath the arm
Of an avenging God!

And the whole Earth rejoiceth,
At length, to be at rest;
The halcyon Peace, long scared away,
Once more becomes her guest;
And, in the fulness of their hearts,
In their deliverance strong,
The gladness of all living things
Is breaking forth in song!

Ay, even to her inmost heart,
Creation owns the spell;
The fir-trees bow rejoicingly
That none come up to fell;
The cedars dark of Lebanon
At length have found a voice,
And seem, through all their spreading boughs,
To murmur forth "rejoice!"

Hell from beneath is moved for thee,
To bid thee welcome there,
And stirreth up the dead once more
To gaze on thy despair;
The chief ones of the nations' choice,
The mighty kings of earth,
Are lifted up from their dread thrones
To mock thee with their mirth!

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And they shall speak to thee and say,
With cold, derisive smile,
The pointed finger of their scorn,
Slow-moving all the while;
Art thou, stupendous in thy guilt,
Thus weak and powerless grown?
Where is the sceptre of thy rule,
And where thy vaunted throne?

Thy pomp is brought down to the grave;
Voices that hymned thy fame,
Have died into an echo,
Or but breathe another's name;—
Thy festal banquets all are o'er,
And o'er thy prostrate form,
Insatiate Death hath spread his board,
The reveller the worm!

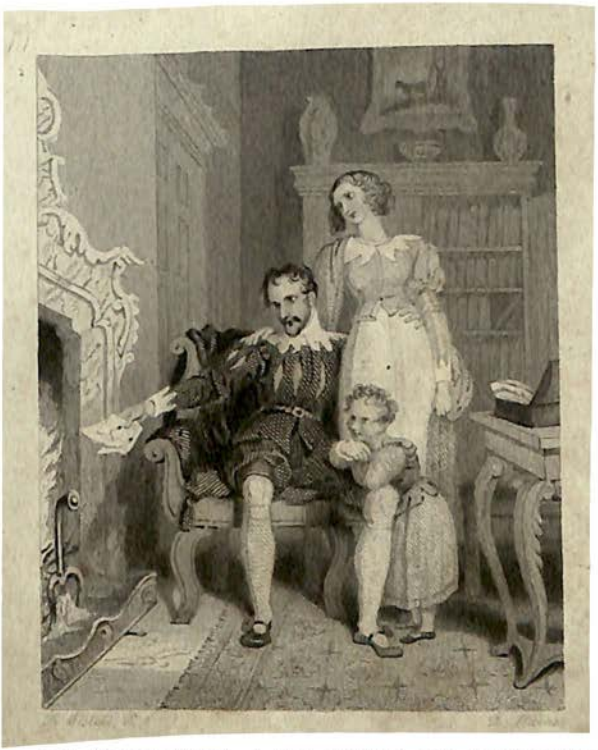
Son of the Morning, Lucifer!
How hast thou ceased from heaven;
A star so bright, at dawn of day,
To be extinct at even!
Thou, who didst strive, with impious pride,
God's throne above to climb,
From that empyrean height to fall,
With ruin more sublime!

Oh, who can look upon thee now,
Nor ask is this the man
Who made the mightiest kingdoms quake,
The trembling earth grow wan;
Who o'er her splendid cities passed
Like a consuming flame,
And of their primal grandeur left
No record but a name!

The kings of all the nations
In their tombs of glory lie,
Whilst thou art from thy grave cast out,
The scorn of every eye;
Despised, abandoned of the world,
The passer by to greet,
Like the corse of one untimely slain,
And trodden under feet!

Thou shalt not share their burial-place,
Nor join in their renown,
Because thou hast destroyed the land,
And struck thy people down:
For this iniquity a curse
Shall to thy children cling,
Far sharper than the serpent's tooth,
Or Death's envenomed sting!

The seed of evil-doers
  Shall ne'er possess the land;
Nor fill the world with cities,
  But shall drop away like sand;
Never again to reunite,
  In strength to be as one;
The name, the remnant, and the race,
  Forgot like Babylon!



ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

> And slight withal may be the things that bring
> Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
> Aside for ever.
>
> BYRON.

Relics of love, and life's enchanted spring,
Of hopes, born rainbow-like of smiles and tears,
With trembling hand do I unloose the string
Twined 'round the records of my youthful years.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream
Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain;
Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam
Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again!

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
Back on my heart, I would not now recall:
Since holier ties around its pulses cling,
Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall!

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
Match with affections long and dearly tried;
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
Through good and ill, and time and change defied!

Perish each record that might wake a thought
That would be treason to a faith like this!
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss!

Yet, ere we part for ever, let me pay
A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions, penned with many a deep-drawn sigh;
Hopes, like the Dove, with but *one* resting-place.

How many a feeling, long, too long, represt,
Like autumn flowers, here opened out at last;
How many a vision of the lonely breast,
Its cherished radiance on these leaves hath cast!

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
To call up visions only loved too well;—

Ye too must perish:—wherefore now divide
Tributes of love—first offerings of the heart!
Gifts, that so long have slumbered side by side;
Tokens of feeling, never meant to part!

A long farewell;—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past!

'Tis done; the flames are curling swiftly 'round
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years;
Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
Even while I strive to trace them through my tears:

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord and keeps her faith unbroken;
Thus perish all that to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

A PARAPHRASE.

Yes, methinks that I could without weeping resign
Both thy beautiful eyes, though so fondly they languish;
And thy lips, though they often have murmured to mine
Affection's soft tones, I could lose, without anguish!

To be brief; thou hast held so ungentle a sway
O'er the heart that was given by Love to thy keeping,
That at length from thy chains it is stealing away,
And methinks I *may* learn to lose all without weeping!

THE TWIN SISTERS.

> They grew together
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition;
> Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
> So, with two seeming bodies but one heart.
>
> SHAKSPERE.

I saw them when their bud of life
  Was slowly opening into flower,
Before a cloud of care or strife
  Had burst above their natal bower;—
Ere this world's blight had marred a grace
That mantled o'er each smiling face.

What were they then? Two twinkling stars,
  The youngest of an April sky;—
Far, far from earth, and earthborn jars,
  Together shining peacefully;—
Now borrowing, now dispensing light;
Radiant as Hope, and calm as bright.

What were they then? Two limpid streams
  Through life's green vale in beauty gliding;
Now, blent like half-forgotten dreams;
  Now, 'neath the gloom of willows hiding;
Now, dancing o'er the turf away,
In playful waves and glittering spray.

I see them as I saw them then,
  With careless brows, and laughing eyes;
They flash upon my soul again
  With all their infant witcheries;
Two gladsome spirits sent on earth
As envoys from the Muse of Mirth.

Such fancy's dreams; but never more
  May fancy with such dreams be fed:
The buds have withered to the core
  Before their leaves had time to spread!
The stars have fallen from on high;
The streams are now for ever dry!

When spring was brightening all the skies,
  'Mid blooming flowers and sunny weather,
Death came to them in gentlest guise,
  And smote them in his love together;—
In concert thus they lived and died,
And now lie slumbering side by side!

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where even the breezes and the common air
Contain the power and spirit of harmony.
COLERIDGE.

Harp of the winds! What music may compare
With thy wild gush of melody; or where
'Mid this world's discords, may we hope to meet,
Tones such as thine—so soothing and so sweet!

Harp of the winds! When summer's zephyr wings
Its airy flight across thy tremulous strings,
As if enamoured of its breath, they move
With soft, low murmurs;—like the voice of love
Ere passion deepens it, or sorrow mars
Its harmony with sighs. All worldly jars
Confess thy soothing power, when strains like these
From thy soft chords are borne upon the breeze!

But when a more pervading force compels
Their sweetness into strength, and quickly swells
Each tenderer tone to fulness,—what a strange
And spirit-stirring sense that fitful change
Wakes in my heart. Visions of days long past,—
Hope, joy, pride, pain, and passion, with the blast
Come rushing on my soul;—till I believe
Some strong enchantment, purposed to deceive,
Hath fixed its spell upon me; and I grieve
I may not burst its bonds!—Anon the gale
Softly subsides, and whisperings low prevail
Of inarticulate melody, that seem
Not music but its shadow;—what a dream
Is to reality; or as the swell,—
Those who have felt alone have power to tell,—
Of the full heart where love was late a guest,
Ere it recovers from its sweet unrest.
The charm is o'er; each warring thought flits by,
Exorcised by that simplest minstrelsy;
Each turbulent feeling owns its sweet control,
And peace once more returns and settles on my soul!

RICHMOND HILL.

Sweet scene of Childhood's opening bloom, for sportive Youth to stray in,
For Manhood to enjoy his strength, and Age to wear away in.
WORDSWORTH.

Let poets rave of Arno's stream,
And painters of the winding Rhine;
I will not ask a lovelier dream,
A sweeter scene, fair Thames, than thine;

As, in a summer eve's decline,
Thou glidest "at thine own sweet will,"
Reflecting from thy face divine,
The flower-wreathed brow of Richmond Hill!

And, what though some may hold thee cheap,
Because thy charms are all their own;
And cold to thee, their praises keep
For foreign bowers, and skies alone;—
And some may scarcely deign to own
The beauties all may share at will;
I'll bow before thy woodland throne,
And hymn thy praise, sweet Richmond Hill!

For, what the slave of fashion spurns,
But makes thee dearer far to me;
Then, whilst his sickly fancy turns
To foreign climes, I'll worship thee!
The more, that thou to all art free;
That hearts unnumbered sweetly thrill,
When by-gone hours of blameless glee
Come blent with thoughts of Richmond Hill.

The school-boy seeks thy glowing crest,
And launches thence his soaring kite,
In all the motley colours drest
His fancy deems of fair and bright;

And, like his heart, as gay and light,
As wild, perverse, and volatile,—
The fluttering plaything wings its flight,
In curvets wild, o'er Richmond Hill.

Young lovers, too, frequent the shades
That gird thy verdant diadem;
There linger till the day-beam fades,
And evening's soft and dewy gem,
The star of love, hath risen for them:
Then 'mid the silent rapturous thrill,—
The gush of hearts 'twere vain to stem,—
How bright a heaven is Richmond Hill!

And when the ardent hopes of youth,
The tone of bliss subdued acquire,
When the wild heart has "gained in truth,
Far more than it has lost in fire;"
The "happy pair" will here retire,
On memories fond to feed at will;
To muse on themes that ne'er can tire,—
Their trysting days on Richmond Hill.

And even when age has strewn the brow
With many a trace of time and care;
When summer's eve is bright as now,
The world-worn man may here repair,

And gaze on childhood's frolics fair,
  Its artless mirth and sports, until
He lives again o'er joys that were,—
  O'er days long past, on Richmond Hill.

Eden of many hearts, gay haunt
  Of youth, age, wealth, and poverty!
How doth the prisoned bosom pant
  For one sweet day, from drudgery free,
To dedicate to bliss and thee!
  Oh! if 'tis brightest fame to fill
Unnumbered hearts with ecstasy;
  Such fame is thine, sweet Richmond Hill!

But lo! the sun is sinking fast,
  Emblem how meet of man's decline,
When, life's obstructing shadows past,
  His evening hour grows bright as thine;
And one mild gleam, Faith's glorious sign,
  Like yon bright bark that seems so still,
Glides on the soul in light divine,
  And leads it far from Richmond Hill!

CONSOLATION.

It is but perishable stuff that moulders in the grave.
SOUTHEY.

Look up, look up, and weep not so, thy darling is not dead,
His sinless soul is cleaving now yon sky's empurpled bed;
His spirit drinks new life and light 'mid bowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff that moulders in the tomb.
Then hush, oh! hush the swelling sigh, and dry the idle tear!
Think of the home thy babe hath won, and joy that he is there!

When summer evening's golden hues are burning in the sky,
And odorous gales from balmy bowers are breathing softly by;
When earth is bright with sunset's beams, and flowers are blushing near,
And grief, all chastened and subdued, is gathering to a tear;
How sweet 'twill be at such an hour, and 'mid a scene so fair,
To lift thy glistening eyes to heaven, and feel that he is there!

THE LAMENT OF BOABDIL EL CHICO;

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE ALHAMBRA, AFTER THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

It was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra; for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that delightful abode. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved obscurely out of a postern gate of the palace, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city. It was composed of the family of the unfortunate Boabdil, who left thus privately that they might not be exposed to the eyes of scoffers or the exultation of the enemy. The mother of Boabdil, the Sultana Ayxa La Horra, rode on in silence, with dejected yet dignified demeanour; but his wife Zorayma indulged in loud lamentations as she gave a last look at the Alhambra. They were attended by a small band of veteran Moors, who were loyally attached to the fallen monarch, and who would have sold their lives dearly in defence of his family. The sun had scarcely begun to shed his beams upon the snowy mountains which rise above Granada, when the Christian camp was in motion with a view to take possession of the city. The signal of advance was a large silver cross, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, or great watch-tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. The splendid cavalcade, composed of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and their chief nobles and attendants, was met by the unhappy Boabdil on the banks of the Xenil, at a short distance from Granada. As he approached the King he would have dismounted in token of homage had not Ferdinand prevented him. He then offered to kiss the King's hand, but this sign of vassalage was declined. Queen Isabella refused also to receive this ceremonial of homage; and to console him under his adversity delivered to him his son, who had remained as a hostage ever since Boabdil's liberation from captivity. The Moorish monarch pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared by their misfortunes. Having placed the keys of the city in the hands of the King, Boabdil continued his course towards the Alpuxarras, that he might avoid being a spectator of the entrance of the Christians into his capital. Having rejoined his family, they ascended an eminence, commanding the last view of Granada, where they paused to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously on the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; whilst the Vega spread its enamelled bosom below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with silent agony upon that delicious scene; but whilst they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel; and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, announced that the city was taken possession of. The heart of Boabdil, softened by

misfortunes and overcharged by grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah Akbar! God is great," he would have said; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa La Horra, was indignant at this weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man." An ineffectual attempt was made to console him, but his tears continued to flow, and he turned from the scene, exclaiming, "When did misfortunes ever equal mine!" From this circumstance the hill took the name of "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*,"—the last sigh of the Moor. The unhappy Boabdil retired to the valley of Porchena, where a small but fertile territory had been allotted to him. The jealousy of Ferdinand, however, who felt hardly secure in his newly conquered territories whilst there was one within their bounds who might revive pretensions to the throne, did not long permit him to remain in this retirement. A collusive arrangement between the Vizier of Boabdil and the King, by which the former was to receive 80,000 golden ducats for his territory, concluded without Boabdil's privity, drove him forth once more. Gathering together, therefore, the wreck of his property, he set out for a neighbouring port, where a vessel was waiting to convey him to Africa. He was there hospitably received by his relative, Muley Ahmed, king of Fez, and resided for many years on his territory. Thirty-four years after the conquest of Granada, he fell in an attempt to assist the King of Fez to quell a rebellion in his dominions; "an instance," says the chronicler, "of the scornful caprice of Fortune, dying in defence of the kingdom of another, after wanting spirit to die in the defence of his own." The fate of Boabdil is said to have been revealed to him in a dream, to which it is presumed he alluded when, on deciding on the capitulation of Granada, he exclaimed, "Too surely was it written in the Book of Fate that I should be unfortunate, and that my kingdom should expire under my rule." The fall of his empire had, moreover, been prophesied by a dervise, who, penetrating to the foot of his throne some months before his downfall, exclaimed, "Woe! woe! woe to Granada! its hour of desolation approaches! my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand." Nearly all the events of his life appear to have established his title to the *soubriquet*, El Zogoybi, the unfortunate, or unlucky. The last words that burst spontaneously from the lips of the faithful few who witnessed his embarkation for Africa, were, "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee, El Zogoybi!"

IRVING'S "CHRONICLES OF GRANADA."

Adieu, proud palace of my sires!
  Home of my luckless youth, adieu!
Still lingers on thy glittering spires
  The light their earlier grandeur knew;—
The beams of evening gild them yet;
Boabdil's brightest sun has set!

A death-like silence fills thy halls;
Hushed is the voice of revelry;—
And though on thy emblazoned walls
Some stirring records still I see,—
Their splendour serves but to declare
How bootless those brief triumphs were.

Still winds the silver bright Xenil
Granada's gorgeous bowers among,—
And wander "at their own sweet will"
The Darro's shining waves along;—
Smiling in light as once they smiled
Ere blood their crystal depths defiled.

The Court of Lions still is there,
But Musa's step is there no more;
Its fount still gushes on; but where,
Where are the lion hearts of yore?
Broken or scattered, like the spray
Borne from its marble mouths away.

And where are now the youthful train
Here schooled in Honour's knightly deeds!
Who met on yon enamelled plain
To try the festive tilt of reeds?—
Swept from the flowery paths of life,
In wilder war—in sterner strife!

Why did I brave the dream of blood
That prophesied my hapless fate,
Without the courage to be good,
Without ambition to be great;—
And wherefore like a woman wèep
O'er what I wanted strength to keep!

Woe, woe to thee, Granada proud,
Thy star hath sunk to rise no more;
And shouts of triumph long and loud
Proclaim thy day of glory o'er;
Upon La Vela's sun-touched brow
The sign of conquest glitters now!

It is the Cross that Christians call
The emblem mild of faith and love;—
Of peace, and pure goodwill to all;—
Of truth, all human truth above;—
Yet hath it ever proved to me
The sign of hate and treachery!

Before our wasted Vegas knew
That symbol red of strife and toil,
Ere nursed by traitor arts it grew
The scourge of our devoted soil;
To me its saving grace did seem
A glorious creed—a godlike dream!

But I have probed the gilded cheat
Of all who 'neath that banner fight,
The crafty friendship, cold deceit,
With which they trusting hearts requite:
We fall;—'tis theirs to strike the blow,
By one dark rebel's sin laid low!

My crime it was invoked the wrath
That on my doomèd race descends;
A curse must ever dog my path;
With me the Moor's broad empire ends;
I would my heart's last life-drop drain
To win that birthright back again.

I go to hide my humbled head
In some sequestered haunt of shame;
Some far and foreign land to tread,
That hath not heard Boabdil's name:
Perchance, should Fate such peace deny,
A dark, inglorious death to die!

Yet, even to earn a fate like this,
A weightier penance still remains;
The blood-stained, treacherous hand to kiss
That fixed my fate and forged my chains;—
And, howsoe'er my soul rebel,
My conqueror's bloated pomp to swell!

To bend before his saddle-bow
  His kingly clemency to crave;
The scoff, the scorn, the jest, the show
  Of every idle, gaping slave;—
And thank his mercy for a son,
Whose throne, realm, birthright,—all are gone!

For what is left? A blunted spear;
  A broken sword and dinted shield;
A crown he is not doomed to wear;
  A sceptre he may never wield;
A blighted and dishonoured name;
A monarch's pride—a vassal's shame!

Oh, not for this his youth was trained
  To sports that best beseem a king;
The foremost still where Beauty reigned
  To tilt the reed, or ride the ring;—
And when the mimic strife was o'er,
To nerve his soul for nobler lore!

But what avail the lessons now
  His soaring soul so quickly caught;
That swelling heart and haughty brow
  Must soon a harder task be taught;—
To bleed in silence, and to hide
Grief's canker-worm 'neath looks of pride.

A smile hath lit Zoraÿma's eye,
She sees her long-lost son draw near,
And tearless, half forgets to sigh
O'er the dark chance that brings him here;—
She knows, she feels, that come what will,
She is a queen—a mother still!

Whilst I, who have so often burned
To clasp my gallant boy again;
Each gentler thought to anguish turned,
Now meet his dauntless glance with pain:
And filled with dreams of other years,
Can only welcome him with tears!

Away, away, wild drops, away!
I must a sterner aspect wear;
I would not to yon slaves betray
The secret of my soul's despair;—
No; let their shouts of triumph ring,
I'll meet them like Granada's King!

Throw wide the gates, the hundred gates,
That ne'er received a foe before;
For, lo! the conqueror's pageant waits
To tread the halls we tread no more;
Lead on; at length I've burst the spell;
And now, majestic pile, farewell!

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

I saw her in her morn of hope, in life's delicious Spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing;
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path,—a cloud upon its sky!

I see her yet—so fancy deems,—her soft, unbraided hair
Gleaming, like sunlight upon snow, above her forehead fair;

Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning smile
that played,
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self
had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way,
Nor dreamed the flowers that round her bloomed would
ever know decay;—
She had no winter in her note, but evermore would sing,—
What darker season had she known,—of Spring, of only
Spring!

Alas, alas! that hopes like hers, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour
should blight;—
Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow
o'ercast,
And make her beauty, like her bliss, a shadow of the
past!

Years came and went, we met again,—but what a change
was there!
The glassy calmness of the eye, that whispered of despair;
The fitful flushing of the cheek, the lips compressed and
thin,
The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaimed the strife
within!

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had given
Beauty, of more than mortal birth, a spell that breathed of heaven;—
And as she bent, resigned and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seemed to glow!

No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and plighted pledges broken;—
Like HIM who for his murderers prayed, she wept, but did not chide;
And her last orisons were said for him for whom she died!

Thus, thus, too oft, the traitor Man repays fond Woman's truth;
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth:
And sad it is in griefs like these o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart must always suffer most!

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PORTRAIT

BY A. E. CHALON, R.A.

> Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
> Nor take one ray of light from thee;
> For in my fancy thou dost share
> The gift of immortality!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Thou wert fair when first we met,
As a youthful poet's dream;
Thou art lovely still, and yet,
Where, O where's the vernal gleam
That around thy footsteps hung,
When our hearts and hopes were young!

Thou wert joyous as the bird,
When its first wild flight it tries;
And thy softliest whispered word
Breathed the mirth of summer skies:
Thou art silent now when glad;
Serious ever—sometimes sad.

Thou didst love in other years,
  Songs of light and joyous flow;
But the strains that stir thy tears,
  Are thy cherished pastime now;
Thou hast learned to gather gladness
From the very depths of sadness.

Yes, thy blue eye's changing light,
  Shed a keener radiance then;
And thy smile so dazzling bright,
  Ne'er can be so bright again;—
Let each faithless grace depart,
Spring can never leave thy heart!

It is warm as ever still,
  Fond and faithful to the core;
Withering sorrow cannot chill,
  Would she ne'er might wring it more!
Years may dim the rose of youth,
So they spare the bosom's truth.

Time and his twin-sister Care,
  Have but lightly touched thy brow;
And the lines imprinted there,
  Never lovelier seemed than now;
For they breathe the spell refined
Of a sorrow-chastened mind.

Wherefore then should I repine
That thou art not as of old;
Since maturer gifts are thine,
Precious treasures, wealth untold;
Charms thy youth could never know;
Graces, time alone bestow!

If we are not what we were,
We have not endured in vain;
Since the present hour is fair,
Why evoke the past again?
Am not I, and art not thou,
Calmer, wiser, happier now!

ÆTNA.

A SKETCH.

I looked, and saw the face of things quite changed
PARADISE LOST.

It was a lovely night;—the crescent moon
(A bark of beauty on its dark blue sea,)
Winning its way amid the billowy clouds,
Unoared, unpiloted, moved on. The sky
Was studded thick with stars, which glittering streamed
An intermittent splendour through the heavens.
I turned my glance to earth;—the mountain winds
Were sleeping in their caves,—and the wild sea,

With its innumerous billows, melted down
To one unmoving mass, lay stretched beneath
In deep and tranced slumber; giving back
The host above with all its dazzling sheen,
To Fancy's ken, as though the luminous sky
Had rained down stars upon its breast. Suddenly,
The scene grew dim: those living lights rushed out,
And the fair moon, with all her gorgeous train,
Had vanished like the frost-work of a dream.

Darkness arose; and volumed clouds swept o'er
Earth and the ocean. Through the gloom, at times,
Sicilian Ætna's blood-red flame was seen
Fitfully flickering. The stillness now
Yielded to murmurs hurtling on the air
From out her deep-voiced crater; and the winds
Burst through their bonds of adamant, and lashed
The weltering ocean, that so lately lay
Calm as the slumbers of a cradled child,
To a demoniac's madness. The broad wave
Swelled into boiling surges, which appeared,
Whene'er the mountain's lurid light revealed
Their progress to the eye, presumptuously
To dash against the ebon roof of heaven.

Then came a sound—a fearful, deafening sound—
Sudden and loud, as if an earthquake rent

The globe to its foundations! With a rush,
Startling deep Midnight on her throne, rose up,
From the red mouth of Ætna's burning mount,
A giant tree of fire, whence sprouted out
Thousands of boundless branches, that put forth
Their fiery foliage in the sky, and showered
Their fruit, the red-hot levin, to the earth,
In terrible profusion. Some fell back
Into the hell from which they sprang; and some,
Gaining an impulse from the winds that raged
Unceasingly around, sped o'er the main,
And, hissing, dived to an eternal home
Beneath its yawning billows. The black smoke,
Blotting the snows that shroud pale Cuma's height,
Rolled down the mountain's sides, girding its base
With artificial darkness; for the sea,
Catania's palaces and towers, and even
The far-off shores of Syracuse, revealed
In the deep glare that deluged heaven and earth,
Flashed forth in fearful light upon the eye.
And there was seen a lake of liquid fire
Streaming and streaming slowly on its course;
And widening as it flowed, like the dread jaws
Of some huge monster ere its prey be fanged.
At its approach the loftiest pines bent down,
And strewed its surface with their trunks;—the earth

Shook at its coming;—towns and villages,
Deserted by their 'habitants, were whelmed
Amid the flood, and lent it ampler force;
The noble's palace, and the peasant's cot,
Alike but served to swell its fiery tide:
Shrieks of wild anguish rushed upon the gale,
And universal Nature seemed to wrestle
With the gaunt forms of Darkness and Despair.

TO A CHILD,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

I miss thee from my side,
With thy merry eyes and blue;
From thy crib at morning-tide,
Oft its curtains peeping through;
In the kisses, not a few,
Thou wert wont to give me then;
In thy sleepy sad adieu,
When 'twas time for bed again!

I miss thee from my side,
With thy question oft repeated;
On thy rocking-horse astride,
Or beneath my table seated:
Or, when tired and overheated
By a summer-day's delight,
Many a childish aim defeated,
Sleep hath overpowered thee quite!

I miss thee from my side,
When brisk Punch is at the door;
Vainly pummels he his bride,
Judy's wrongs can charm no more!
He may beat her till she's sore,
She may die, and he may flee;
Though I loved their squalls of yore,
What's the pageant now to me!

I miss thee from my side,
When the light of day grows pale;
When with eyelids opened wide,
Thou wouldst list the oft-told tale,
And the murdered babes bewail;
Yet so greedy of thy pain,
That, when all my lore would fail,
I must needs begin again!

I miss thee from my side,
Blithe cricket of my hearth!
Oft in secret have I sighed
For thy chirping voice of mirth:
When the low-born cares of earth
Chill my heart, and dim my eye,
Grief is stifled in its birth,
If my little prattler's nigh!

I miss thee from my side,
With thy bright, ingenuous smile;
With thy glance of infant pride,
And the face no tears defile:—
Stay, and other hearts beguile,
Hearts that prize thee fondly too;
I must spare thy pranks awhile;
Cricket of my hearth, adieu!

A REMONSTRANCE.

TO A FRIEND WHO COMPLAINED TO THE AUTHOR THAT HE WAS "ALL ALONE!"

Oh! say not thou art all alone
  Upon this wide, cold-hearted earth;—
Sigh not o'er joys for ever flown,—
  The vacant chair, the silent hearth:
Why should the world's unholy mirth
  Upon thy quiet dreams intrude,
To scare those shapes of heavenly birth,
  That people oft thy solitude!

Though many a fervent hope of youth
  Hath passed, and scarcely left a trace;
Though earth-born love, its tears and truth,
  No longer in thy heart have place;
Nor time, nor grief can e'er efface
  The brighter hopes that now are thine;
The fadeless love, all-pitying grace,
  That makes thy darkest hours divine!

Not all alone; for thou canst hold
  Communion sweet with saint and sage;
And gather gems, of price untold,
  From many a consecrated page:
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
  The poet's lore,—are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
  Oh! how canst thou be all alone!

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
  As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
  Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings,—
  The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
  Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
  The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
  To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
  For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
  And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call;—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shewn;
Seek then the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!

A SCENE FROM FAUST.

She half enclosed him with her arms,
She pressed him with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon his face.

COLERIDGE.

She had been waiting for him, till her heart
Was stirred, almost to bursting, with the strife
Of hope and fear, the fondness and mistrust,
That only lovers know: and she had vowed

To chide her truant for his long delay;
To frown, look cold and stately as a queen;
Discourse of broken vows, dissevered ties;
And ask if men were faithless all, like him!
But, as she sat within her garden bower,
She heard the music of his well-known step;
And all her firm resolves, resentments, doubts,
The pride of slighted beauty, were dispelled,
As if those sounds had power to exorcise
All thoughts that did not minister to love!
And her eye caught the dancing of his plume,
'Mid the green branches, as he strode along;
Her quick ear drank his melody of voice,
As its sweet accents syllabled her name,
Till every echo round repeated it!

What should she do? Go hide her from his search;
Teach the gay laggard she too could be slow;
And bid him feel, in part, what she had felt,
To make their after-meeting more divine!
The fancy pleased her; and she fled before him,
Swift as a startled fawn, as graceful too;
Gained their accustomed trysting-place unseen,
And hid herself in sport behind the door;
Meaning to dart to his unconscious arms,
Just as his brow was gathering to a frown,

That she could break her promises like him.
She would have stilled the beating of her heart,
That she might catch the first, faint distant sounds
Of his approaching footsteps; but suspense
Lent it a wilder impulse, and its throbs
Grew momently more loud. She gasped for breath,
As the thick boughs that hid her summer haunt
Rustled, the latch was lifted, and the words,
"Margaret, *dear* Margaret!" in the faltering tones
Of one who seeks but scarce expects an answer,
Fell on her charmèd ear.

She rushed towards him,
With all her sex's fervency and truth,
Its willing faith, devotedness of soul,—
Forgetful only of its proud reserve,—
And, twining round his neck her snowy arms,
Clung to his lips, as though the world and life
Had nothing for her half so sweet beside!
And, in the pauses of that wild embrace,
She breathed, in few and scarce articulate words,
The love shut up in her deep heart till then.
She had no thought that virtue might not own,
No guile to mask, no purpose to conceal;
So she poured forth the secrets of her soul
With all the frankness of a woman's love,
Who judges others by her own pure self.

And for the world,—what were its frowns to her,
Who held the all of wealth she wished her own,
In the small circle of her straining clasp.
Alas, alas, that woman's gentler feelings
Should ever be employed to work her woe!
That those deep impulses which, were they left
To take their natural course, must lead to bliss,
Should sometimes prove the ministers of ill,
And, swelling to a wild and stormy sea,
O'erwhelm the virtues they were meant to nourish.
They stood in deep entrancement, heart to heart,
With not a breath to break the hush around them,
Save the wild throbbings of each bounding breast,
Half smothered sighs, and soft, low murmured words,
That told an endless tale of love, and love!

It was a rich, bright, tranquil summer's eve;
The sun was resting on the horizon's verge;
The distant mountains wearing crowns of gold,
Like vassal kings arose to guard his throne;
And every object round appeared to grow
Instinct with softer beauty. On the breeze,
Through the half-open lattice, came the breath,
The honeyed breath, of many a fragrant flower,
Closing its sweet eyes on day's farewell beam.
All things conspired to make those moments yield

A full repayment for the grief of years;—
And Faust had half forgot the doom that hung,
Like the huge avalanche a breath brings down,
O'er his devoted head; until a laugh,
A fiend-like laugh, a loud, harsh, bitter taunt,
As if in mockery of a bliss too pure
For evil spirits to behold unpained,
Recalled him to a sense of what he was,
And what he soon must be!
And devilish eyes
Were leering on them, shedding baleful light
On that sweet scene of more than mortal passion!
Another kiss—another, and another;—
When lo! the fiend grew clamorous that his dupe
Should dare resist his will, and burst upon him,
Dragging him forth from that bright paradise
To shades where he might tutor him in guile,
And bid him plan the ruin of a heart,
Whose only fault was loving him too well!

Alas, alas! that Man so oft should be
The slave of some dark, scheming fiend like this!
And, spirited by him to deeds of ill,
Should pay dear Woman's fond confiding truth,—
Blasting the beauty he was born to cherish,—
With falsehood, treachery, despair, and death!

LOVE AND SPRING.

'Twas the genial month of flowers,
Merry May, when first we met;
Youth, and Hope, and Love were ours,
Love, and Hope are with us yet;—
Time, and Care defy the will,
But our hearts are spring-like still.

Time may "thin the flowing hair;"
Rob the eye of half its light;
And the breath of low-born Care
Hope may canker, Beauty blight;—
Fate may frown and Friends grow chill,
So the *heart* be vernal still!

Centred thus 'mid Alpine snows,
Storms above, and glaciers 'round,
One green spot no winter knows;
But, like fairy-haunted ground,
Holds within its charmed ring
All the freshest hues of spring!

THE DESERTED COTTAGE.

Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried.

BOOK OF RUTH.

They leave their native land, a mournful parting,
Fortune to follow o'er the distant main;
No loud lament is theirs, though tears are starting
To dim the eyes that may not look again.

For life hath had for them but changeful weather;
Afar they seek serener skies to find;
They go, and, blessed lot, they go together,
And leave no fond and breaking heart behind:

To count the lagging hours, too slowly dying,
The martyr's penance, but without his vow;
To hear the question, with no voice replying,
"Where can they be, what are they doing now?"

Peace may be found upon a stormy billow,
And soft repose upon a rocking sea;
Disquietude knows many a downy pillow;
Where the heart rests, 'tis there its home will be.

Brief gleams of gladness Grief herself may borrow;
Joy is not linked to one peculiar spot;
Thy climax this they know who know thee Sorrow,
The single heart and the divided lot!

Who sends the suffering, knows the situation,
Notes the heart's sigh, and listens to its prayers;
"In this (the world) ye *shall* have tribulation;"
Their hearts are one,—oh, let one grave be theirs!

A PORTRAIT FROM REAL LIFE.

> What now to her is all the world's esteems;
> She is awake, and cares not for its dreams;
> But moves, while yet on earth, as one above
> Its hopes and fears—its loathing and its love.
>
> CRABBE.

'Tis said she once was beautiful; and still,—
For 'tis not Time that can have wrought the ill,—
Soft rays of loveliness around her form
Beam, as the rainbow that succeeds the storm
Brightens a noble ruin. In her face,
Though somewhat touched by sorrow, you may trace
How fair she was in life's untroubled spring,
Ere joy grew sere, or earthly hope took wing.
O'er her pure forehead, pale as moonlit snow,
Her ebon locks are parted,—and her brow
Breaks forth like morning from the shades of night,
Serene, though clouds hang over it: the bright
And searching glance of her Ithuriel eye
Might even the sternest hypocrite defy
To meet it unappalled;—'twould almost seem
As though, epitomized in one deep beam,

Her full collected soul upon the heart,
Whate'er its mask, she strove at once to dart.
Patient in suffering, she has learned the art
To bleed in silence and conceal the smart;
And oft, though quick of feeling, has been deemed
Almost as cold and loveless as she seemed,
Because to fools she never would reveal
Wounds they would probe without the power to heal.
No; whatsoe'er the visions that disturb
The fountain of her thoughts, she knows to curb
Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress,
Even to a sigh, all tokens of distress.
Yet some, perhaps with keener vision than
The crowd, that pass her by unnoted, can,
Through well-dissembled smiles, at times discern
A settled anguish, that would seem to burn
The very brain that quickens it; and when
This mood of pain is on her, then, oh! then
A more than wonted paleness of the cheek,
And, it may be, a flitting hectic streak,
A tremulous motion of the lip or eye,
Are all that anxious friendship can descry.
Unkindness and neglect she knows to bear
Without complaint, almost without a tear,
Save such as hearts internally will weep,
And they ne'er rise the burning 'lids to steep:

But to those petty wrongs that half defy
Human forbearance, she can make reply
With a proud lip and a contemptuous eye.
There is a speaking sadness in her air,
A shade of languor o'er her features fair,
Born of no common grief; as though Despair
Had wrestled with her spirit, been o'erthrown,
And these the trophies of the strife alone.
A resignation of the will, a calm
Derived from true religion (that sweet balm
For wounded breasts), is seated on her brow;
And ever to the tempest bends she now,
Even as a drooping lily that the wind
Sways as it lists. The sweet affections bind
Her sympathies to earth; her peaceful soul
Has long aspired to that immortal goal,
Where pain and anguish cease to be our lot,
And worldly cares and frailties are forgot.

THE REQUIEM OF YOUTH.

Oh, whither does the spirit flee
That makes existence seem
A day dream of reality,
Reality a dream?

We enter on the race of life,
Like prodigals we live,
To learn how much the world exacts
For all it hath to give.

The fine gold soon becometh dim,
We prove its base alloy;
And hearts enamoured once of bliss
Ask peace instead of joy.

Spectres dilate on every hand
That seemed but tiny elves;
We learn distrust of all, when most
We should suspect ourselves.

But why lament the common lot
That all must share so soon;
Since shadows lengthen with the day,
That scarce exist at noon.

A MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty,
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I'll not believe I am not loved,
Although his words are few;
The deepest streams have ever proved
As cold and silent too.

He never said my form was fair;
My cheek might shame the rose;
And yet the smile that others share
O'er him a shadow throws.

Wit's arrows pass him harmless by,
A Cymon's self might move;
Each shaft diverted by a sigh,—
The eloquence of love.

And when I sing the stirring songs
That charm all other ears,
His trembling voice his purpose wrongs,
He cannot praise—for tears!

But should another claimant rise,
And gentle words bespeak,
The lightning flashes to his eyes,
The heart-blood to his cheek!

I know I rule his bosom's chords,
A despot on my throne;
When will he give his feelings words,
And take me for his own!

THE MARTYRS OF ROYAL-LIEU.

The Abbess and Nuns of Royal-Lieu fell victims to the revolutionary madness. She and her numerous sisterhood were led to the scaffold on the same day. On their way from the prison to the guillotine, they all chanted the 'Veni Creator.' Their arrival at the place of execution did not interrupt their strains; one head fell, and its voice ceased to join the celestial chorus; but the song continued. The Abbess suffered last, and her single voice still raised the devout canticle. It ceased—and the silence of death ensued.

MADAME CAMPAN.

Dark clouds are hurrying through the sky,
'Tis autumn's fitful eve,
And the dying breeze is murmuring by,
With a sound that makes one grieve;—
A stifling heat is in the air,
Like the sultry breath of a lion's lair,
And unseen fingers weave
A giant veil of shadows dun,
Before the broad, red, sinking sun.

Black, as with wrath, yon angry cloud
Seems to pause in its mid career,
As the trampling steps of the crushing crowd
To one gory spot draw near:

What mean their yells of horrid glee,
Those tossing heads, like a stormy sea,
  Clenched hands, and brows severe?
Whence come that savage tiger brood
To glut their demon lust for blood?

But hark! what thrilling sounds arise
  From yon slow-moving throng;
Floating like incense to the skies,
  In one rich tide of song!
And see, where opening to their tread,
Those ruthless men shrink back,—and led
  By Faith, serene yet strong,
A meek-eyed band, with tireless breath,
Prolong that prelude note of death!

Theirs is no hope forlorn; they wend
  Exulting on their way;
Reckless how soon their course may end,
  Their life-blood ebb away;
They seem to share one thought, one breath,
And marshalled thus by Faith to death,
  In beautiful array,
Those martyr Sisters glide along,
Breathing their parting prayers in song!

No fears have they; the savage crowd
  May scowl on them in vain;
Their steps are firm, their bearing proud,
  Unfailing still their strain.
They see the reeking scaffold nigh,
With dauntless heart, untroubled eye,
  Their blood so soon must stain;
And lift their vesper hymn on high,
Swan-like, resolved to sing and die.

Lo! how she bends her to the block,
  The foremost of that guiltless throng,
And sings, till 'neath the headsman's stroke,
  Is stayed at once her breath and song!
Yet still the' angelic strain peals on
More thrilling sweet; till, one by one,
  Is hushed each tuneful tongue;
And to that sainted band 'tis given
To join seraphic choirs in heaven!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

Twenty chequered years have past,—
  Summer suns and wintry weather,—
Since our lot, in concert cast,
  First we "climbed the hill together."

And the world before us lay,
  In its brightest colours dressed,
As we took our joyous way,
  To select our place of rest.

Fortune's smiles we could not boast;
  Fame,—we never dreamed of Fame;
Friendship, e'en when needed most,
  We had only known by name;—

Fate denying trappings rich,
  We decked our bower with humbler things,
And, in Friendship's empty niche,
  Love installed without his wings.

There, though twenty years have fled,
  Chequered o'er my good and ill,
He lifts aloft his beaming head,
  The same young, household idol still.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

Welcome, thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of bliss,
How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright as this!
Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight when Fortune's clouds are dark,
The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!

Oh no! not even when life was new, and Love and Hope were young,
And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze I hung,
Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings fond and deep,
That stir my bosom's inmost chords, as I watch thy placid sleep!

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs 'neath summer skies,
The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly we prize;
One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets our eye,
Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from the sky.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour, star of my troubled heaven,
To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light is given;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that thou,
A messenger of peace and love, art sent to cheer me now.

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates
dear though few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche
for you!
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a
place,
Who knows but room may still be found, if it wears as
fair a face.

I listen to thy feeble cry, 'till it 'wakens in my
breast,
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long
repressed;
For, weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than
mine,
It stirs *my* heart, like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee
and thine!

It peals upon my dreaming soul sweet tidings of the
birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to
earth,
And, strengthening many a fond resolve, it bids me do
and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn
fair.

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth, the visions of thy spring;
For, I would not warp thy gentle heart, each kindlier impulse ban,
By teaching thee—what I have learned—how base a thing is man.

I cannot save thee from the griefs to which our flesh is heir,
But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ills to bear;
I may not Fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away.

From altered Friendship's chilling glance, from Hate's envenomed dart,
Misplaced Affection's withering pang, or "true Love's" wonted smart,
I cannot save my sinless child; but I can bid him seek
Such Faith and Love from heaven above as leave earth's malice weak.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird
His care,
And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill could
bear,
Will still His guiding arm extend, His gracious plan
pursue,
And if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage
too.

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the
last,
'Tis sweet to deem what thou mayst be, when long, long
years have past;
To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others
leave my side,
Thou mayst be then my prop and stay, my blessing and
my pride!

And when the world hath done its worst, when life's
fever-fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch
it more,
How sweet to think thou mayst be near to catch my
latest sigh,
To watch beside my dying bed, and close my glazing
eye!

Oh! 'tis for offices like these, the last sweet child is given,
The mother's joy, the father's pride, the fairest boon of heaven;
Their fireside plaything first, and then of their failing strength the rock;
The rainbow to their waning years,—the Youngling of their Flock!

EVENING.

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration!
WORDSWORTH.

'Tis evening: on Abruzzo's hill
The summer sun is lingering still,
As though unwilling to bereave
The landscape of its softest beam,—
So fair, one can but look and grieve
To think that like a lovely dream,
A few brief, fleeting moments more
Must see its reign of beauty o'er!

'Tis evening: and a general hush
Prevails, save when the mountain spring
Bursts from its rock, with fitful gush,
And makes melodious murmuring;—

Or when from Corno's brow severe
  The echoes of its convent bell
Come wafted on the far-off ear,
  With soft and diapason swell:
But sounds so wildly sweet as they,
Ah, who would ever wish away!

Yet there are seasons when the soul,
  'Rapt in some dear delicious dream,
Heedless what skies may o'er it roll,
  What rays of beauty round it beam,
Shuts up its inmost depths, lest aught
  However wondrous, wild, or fair,
Shine in, and interrupt the thought,
  The one deep thought that centres there.

'Though with the passionate sense so shrined
  And canonized, the hues of grief
Perchance be closely intertwined,
  The lonely bosom spurns relief!
And could the breathing scene impart
  A charm to make its sadness less,
'Twould hate the balm that healed its smart,
  And loathe the spell of loveliness
That pierced its cloud of gloom, if so
It stirred the stream of thought below.

A WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

ADAPTED TO AN AIR BY MOZART.

Fare thee well! 'Tis meet we part,
  Since other ties and hopes are thine;
Pride that can nerve the lowliest heart,
  Will surely strengthen mine!
Yes, I will wipe my tears away,
  Repress each struggling sigh;
Call back the thoughts thou led'st astray,
  Then lay me down and die!

Fare thee well! I'll not upbraid
  Thy fickleness or falsehood now;—
Can the wild taunts of love betrayed
  Repair one broken vow?
But, if reproach may wake regret
  In one so false or weak,
Think what I *was* when first we met,
  And read it—on my cheek!

Fare thee well! On yonder tree
  One leaf is fluttering in the blast,
Withered and sere—a type of me—
  For I shall fade as fast:
Whilst many a refuge still hast thou,
  Thy wandering heart to save
From the keen pangs that wring mine now;
  I have but one—the grave!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

WRITTEN AFTER MEETING A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL MEMBER OF THE ORDER IN THE HOTEL DIEU OF PARIS.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
  Where fever never burns nor hearts are riven?
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
  Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace,
Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth?
An angel sure in bearing, form, and face,
All but thy tears—and they belong to earth!

Oh, ne'er did beauty, in its loftiest pride,
A splendour boast that may compare with thine;
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine.

A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,
Yet strong to wrestle with earth's wildest woe:
A thing of softest smiles, and tenderest tears,
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow:

Leaving, perchance, some gay, and happy home,
Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death.

For ever gliding with a noiseless tread,
As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest;
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.

Or, in each calmer interval of pain,
The Christian's hope and promised boon to shew;
And, when all human anodynes are vain,
To nerve the bosom for its final throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this,
To that blessed shore where sin and sorrow cease;
To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss,
And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God and man,
No narrow aims thy cherished cares control;
Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can,
To heal the body, and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need;
No matter what the suppliant's claim may be;
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed;
To know he suffers is enough for thee.

Not e'en from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,
Whose Master bled a sinful world to save;
Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,
'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave;

To note the anguish of despairing crime,
Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within;
Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,
That seem from conscience half their force to win:

Then stand before the dark demoniac's sight,—
The cup of healing in thy gentle hand;—
A woman, strengthened with an angel's might,
The storm of pain and passion to command.

To calm the throbbings of his fevered brow;
Cool his parched lips, his bleeding wounds to bind;
And, with deep faith, before the Cross to bow
For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it *is* given: thy softliest whispered word
There falls like oil on a tempestuous sea;
Hard as his heart may seem, there's yet a chord
Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee.

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change,
With more than mortal triumph in thine eye;
Then blessed and blessing, turn with tears to range
Where other claimants on thy pity lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
A willing slave, where'er the wretched call;
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
For such as know no human love beside,
Still on thy healing way in mercy move,
Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide!

All peace to thee and thy devoted band,
Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of pain;"
Whose worth could e'en the' unwilling awe command
Of blood-stained men who owned no other claim.

Long may ye live the cherished badge to wear,
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
And be the angels ye have ever been.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MISS M. J. JEWSBURY, LATE MRS. FLETCHER, ON HER "FAREWELL TO THE MUSE."

Gentle Minstrel, say not so,
  Bid not thus the Muse farewell;
Since to her 'tis thine to owe
  Many a soft and soothing spell;
Fraught with power to bring a train
  Of unbidden joys around thee:
If she "lightens hours of pain,"
  And when Fate's barbed arrows wound thee,
Pours upon thy bleeding heart
Balsam sweet to heal the smart;
If thou'st loved her "long and well,"
Wherefore bid her now farewell?

Fame's proud steep is hard to climb;
  Never poet gained its brow,
And its laurel wreath sublime,
  But with toilsome steps and slow;

For the Muse is coy to yield
  To the first light vows we make her;
Who would see her spells unsealed,
  To their inmost hearts must take her;
Cherish her in weal or woe,
And all other loves forego;
Nor, when fancies wild impel,
Bid her thus, like thee, farewell!

Why pronounce her promise vain,
  And her name, ungrateful, wrong;
Why declare in such a strain,
  In so wildly sweet a song,
That she ne'er to thee hath given
  Gleams of her ethereal fire,—
Foretaste of her native heaven,
  Now to soften, now inspire.
Where, if not on hearts like thine,
May she pour her rays divine;
To whom may she her mysteries tell,
If thou must bid her thus farewell!

Then take thy Lute, and it shall be,—
  Betide what may of dark or bright,—
Even as Aladdin's lamp to thee,
  The depths of thine own heart to light:

To point where gems unnumbered shine,
  Wealth thou may'st scarcely deem of now,
And bid thee thence a circlet twine,
  To grace thy young, aspiring brow;
A wreath of more than mortal birth,
To keep thy memory green on earth,
When thou hast bidden Song's sweet spell,
Muse, Lute, and Life, indeed farewell!

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Thousands of ministering spirits walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
MILTON.

Children, who rosy rest
Seek on a mother's breast,
Know that above you are other arms spread;
Love, a love stronger,
Protecting you longer,
Watching your footsteps, and guarding your bed.

Sorrow must dim your eyes,
Cares will with years arise,
Ambushed around you lie many a snare;
Angels, defend your charge;
Let them not roam at large;
Follow for ever to bid them beware!

Young heirs of sorrow,
Whose hope is to-morrow,
O'er you a banner of love be unfurled;
Make you a special care,
Prompting the secret prayer
"Not to release, but be kept from the world."

Body-guard holy,
To man bequeathed solely,
Vainly to see you our vision we strain;
Asking of form and face,
Shadows we seek to trace,
Stretching our arms to enfold you, in vain.

Follow us in the strife,
Guard 'mid the throng of life,
With each temptation fresh succour to bring;
Closer and closer press,
Innocence needs ye less;
When was the streamlet as pure as the spring?

Not with the set of sun
Labours of love are done;
Angels! a night-watch to you hath been given;
Slumber give not your eyes,
Till the glad morn arise,
And your whole flock is safe folded in heaven!

YOU ASK ME FOR A PLEDGE, LOVE.

You ask me for a pledge, love, but gaze upon my cheek,
And let its hue, when thou art near, my heart's devotion speak;
Look on my dim and tearful eye, my pale and rigid brow,
List to my deep, unbidden sigh,—what need of pledge or vow!

You ask me for a pledge, love, some token of my truth;
Take then this flower, an emblem meet of woman's blighted youth;
The perfume of its withered leaves, triumphant o'er decay,
May whisper of my changeless love when I have passed away!

What, yet another pledge, love; then mark me while I vow,
By all this heart hath borne for thee, by all it suffers now;
In grief or gladness, hope, despair, in bliss or misery,
I'll be, what I have ever been—to thee, to only thee!

MY NATIVE VALE.

My native vale, my native vale!
How many a chequered year hath fled,
How many a vision, bright and frail,
My youth's aspiring hopes have fed,
Since last thy beauties met mine eye,
Upon as sweet an eve as this,
And each soft breeze that wandered by,
Whispered of love, repose, and bliss:
I deemed not then a ruder gale,
Would sweep me soon from Malhamdale!

Who may the Poet's thoughts unfold
Ere yet he pours his soul in song,—
When hopes, all glowing but untold,
And passions, numberless and strong,
Are pent within his youthful breast,
Or murmured but in secret sighs;
Till Love, the fondliest cherished guest,
His fettered tongue at length unties,
And bids as wild a strain prevail
As once I breathed in Malhamdale.

And she, who listened to my lays,
With downcast eye and blushing cheek,
Her smiles were as the sunny rays
That bad the lips of Memnon speak;
Till all the feelings, wild and warm,
My swelling heart had nursed so long,
Yielding to that all-powerful charm,
Burst forth in one full tide of song:
Alas, that dreams so fair should fail;
We met no more in Malhamdale!

Ay, they whose fondness made thee seem
A paradise on earth to me;
The one bright star whose tender beam
Shed light upon my destiny;
The kindly sympathies of love,
The old familiar forms are flown,
And, sered in heart, 'tis mine to rove
This cold and desert world alone:
I, only I am left to wail
O'er the lost joys of Malhamdale!

When toiling, 'neath a foreign sky,
For wealth that none are left to share,
How oft would Memory's wistful eye,
Revert to scenes and hours more fair;

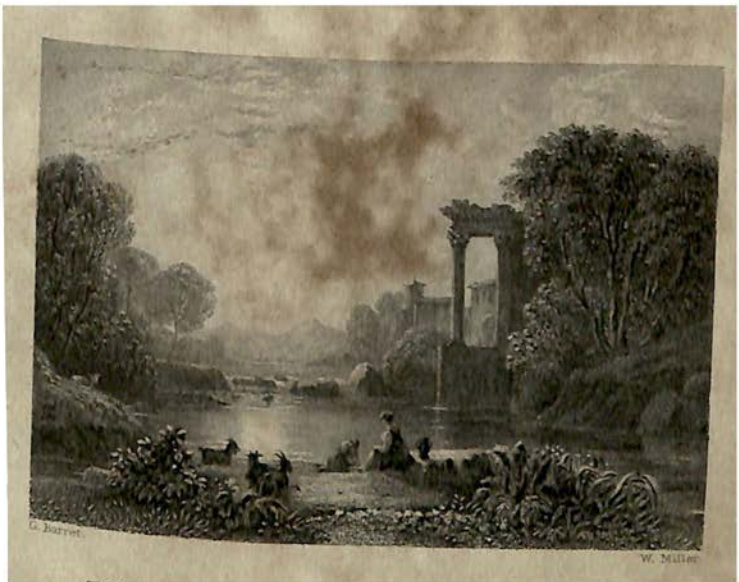
The village church, my cottage-home,
With all its clustering woodbines gay,
The glades through which I loved to roam,
In years that seemed but yesterday,
Flashed on my soul, and told a tale
Of youth, and hope, and Malhamdale.

I never closed my wearied eye
But visions sweet as these were mine,
Nor offered up a prayer on high
That did not breathe of thee and thine:
In dreams by night, in dreams by day,
In hours of gloom or revelry,
Sweet scenes of youth's enchanted May,
My thoughts were still of thine and thee!
What now can Memory's light avail;—
What now to me is Malhamdale!

And what am I? An exile pale,
With wasted form and withered heart,
Transplanted to his native vale,
To droop awhile, and then depart;
To think of all that might have been,
Of joys, that gold could never buy;
Just wander o'er each long-loved scene,
Then seek me out a grave and die;

Sleep—with no stone to tell my tale—
By her I loved, in Malhamdale.

My native vale—my native vale!
Even as I mark thy shadows change,
Sweet strains seem breathing on the gale,
I feel a thrilling new and strange;
A radiant form is rising now,
How fair, upon my waning sight;
I know her by her starlike brow,
Her loving eyes so blue and bright;
She beckons me, life's pulses fail;
Adieu, adieu, my native vale!



TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE BARRET.

One morn I missed him on the' accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he!

GRAY.

Worthy disciple of his art divine,
Whose golden sunsets, rich romantic shores,
And pastoral vales, reflect fair Nature's face,
In every varying charm her beauty wears,

How have I loved thy pencil! Not a grace
Shed over earth from yon blue vault above,
At Dawn, Noon, Sunset, Twilight, or when Night
Draws o'er the sleeping world her silvery veil,
But thou hast traced its source and made thine own!
Nay, not an hour that circles through the day,
But thou hast marked its influence on the scene,
And touched each form with corresponding light;
Till all subdued the landscape round assumes,—
Like visions seen through Hope's enchanted glass,—
A beauty not its own; and "cloud-capped towers,"
And gorgeous palaces, and temples reared,
As if by magic, line the busy strand
Of some broad sea, that ripples on in gold
To meet the setting sun! Nor less I prize
Thy solemn twilight glooms; when to mine eye,
Indefinite, each object takes the shape
That fancy lists; and in the crimsoned west,
Bright as the memory of a blissful dream,
As unsubstantial too, the daylight fades,
And "leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Primitive Painter! Neither age, nor care,
Nor failing health,—though all conspired to mar
The calmness of thy soul,—could dim the power
Thy pencil caught from Truth. Thou shouldst have lived,

Where sunny Claude his inspiration drew,
By Arno's banks, in Tempe's haunted vale;
Or learned Poussin, 'neath the' umbrageous oaks
Of some old forest, had his sylvan groups,
Goddess with Mortal, Fawn with Dryad joined,
To Pan's untutored music circle round.
For such the themes thy chastened fancy loved:
But now thy sun has set, thy twilight sunk
In deepest night, and thou hast sought a sky
Where never cloud or shade can vex thee more.

A FAREWELL.

Yes, I will join the world again,
And mingle with the crowd;
And though my mirth may be but pain,
My laughter, wilderment of brain,
At least it shall be loud.

'Tis true, to bow before the shrine
Of heartless revelry,
Is slavery to a soul like mine;
Yet better thus in chains to pine,
Than ever crouch to thee.

Ay, better far to steep the soul
In pleasure's sparkling tide;
Bid joys unholy sounds control
The maddening thoughts that o'er it roll,
Than wither 'neath thy pride.

Yet I *have* loved thee—oh, how well!
  But words are wild and weak;—
The depth of that pervading spell
I dare not trust my tongue to tell,
  And hearts may never speak.

The stubborn pride, none else might rein,
  Hath stooped to love and thee;
But, as the pine upon the plain,
Bent by the blast springs up again,
  So shall it fare with me.

Though thou hast wrapped me in a cloud,
  Nought now may e'er dispel,
In silentness my wrongs I'll shroud,
And love, reproach, pain, passion, crowd
  Into *one* word—Farewell!

'Tis done—the task of soul is taught;
  At length I've burst the spell
That, 'round my heart so firmly wrought,
Fettered each loftier, nobler thought;
  And now, Farewell—Farewell!

SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye,
'Mid the green waving lindens that graced ye of yore;
Friends of my childhood, once more I enfold ye,
What would my gloom-boding spirit have more!

Scenes of my childhood, in sadness I greet ye,
Can your freshness and bloom youth's gay season restore?
Friends of my childhood, in sorrow I meet ye,
For a welcome is wanting can glad me no more!

Scenes of my childhood, the breath of your flowers
Is loaded with memories too painful for bliss;
Friends of my childhood, there's gloom in your bowers,
Oh, where are the bright beaming glances I miss!

Scenes of my childhood, let strangers possess ye;
Can ye witness again what ye witnessed of yore?
Friends of my childhood, in vain ye caress me,
For the kiss that was sweetest, can charm me no more!

I THINK OF THEE!

I think of thee, I think of thee,
And all that thou hast borne for me;—
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
And all around is desolate,
I pour on life's tempestuous sea
The oil of peace with thoughts of thee!

When Fortune frowns, and Hope deceives me,
And summer-friendship veers and leaves me,
A Timon from the world I flee;
My wreck of wealth, sweet dreams of thee!

Or if I join the careless crowd
Where laughter peals, and mirth grows loud,
Even in my hours of revelry
I think of thee, I think of thee!

I THINK OF THEE!

I think of thee, I think and sigh
O'er blighted years and bliss gone by;—
And mourn the stern, severe decree
That hath but left me thoughts of thee!

In youth's gay hours, 'mid Pleasure's bowers,
When all was sunshine, mirth, and flowers,
We met; I bent the' adoring knee,
And told a tender tale to thee!

'Twas summer's eve; the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air, were full of love;
Nature around kept jubilee,
When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal arch that hung on high
Was blue as thy delicious eye;—
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope, I spoke of fear,—
Thy answer was a blush and tear;—
But this was *eloquence* to me,
And more than I had asked of thee!

I looked into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half stifled sigh,—
I clasped thy hand and vowed to be
The soul of love and truth to thee!

That scene and hour have past; yet still
Remains a deep, impassioned thrill,—
A sun-set glow on memory,
That kindles at a thought of thee

We loved; how wildly, and how well
'Twere worse than idle now to tell:
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And *I* am left—to think of thee!

Though years, long years, have darkly sped
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,
In fancy oft thy form I see,—
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth,—
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth;
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet but mournful thoughts of thee!

The bitter frown of friends estranged;
The chilling straits of fortunes changed;
All this, and more, were borne for me;—
Then how can I be false to thee!

I never will: I'll think of thee
Till fades the power of memory:
In weal or woe, in gloom or glee,
I'll think of thee! I'll think of thee!

THE GREY HAIR.

Come, let me pluck that silver hair
  Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of Time or Care
  Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee.

Years have not yet impaired the grace
That charmed me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow.

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brightened them when first we met:
No; rays of softest light illume
Their unambitious beauty yet.

And if the passing clouds of Care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace.

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never marked before.

Thus, young, and fair, and happy too,—
If bliss indeed may here be won,—
In spite of all that Care can do,
In spite of all that Time hath done;

Is you white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given;
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty, hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes, that cannot fade away;
Of joys, that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the thread of timeless snow
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind?

It does, it does:—then let it stay;
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now:
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow!

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

My fair-haired boy! as thus I gaze
  Upon thy calm, untroubled sleep,
I feel the hopes of other days,—
  The cherished hopes for words too deep,—
Unfold within my heart again,
Like flowers refreshed by summer rain!

The brightness of thy dark blue eye
  Still peers its half-closed lids between,
Like glimpses of an April sky
  Through clouds of snowy whiteness seen;
And dimpling smiles are lingering now
Round thy sweet mouth, and sunny brow!

The spirit of some gentle dream
  Hath kindled, sure, thy glowing cheek,
And lent that half-shut eye the beam
  Which seems in furtive light to speak
Of tameless glee, of antics wild,
Of 'nods and becks,' my sinless child!

October's winds are chill and drear,
And howl our cottage home around,
Whilst emblems of the waning year
In ceaseless eddies strew the ground:
I gaze upon the leafless tree,
And deem it but a type of me.

But when I turn from Nature's waste,
From thoughts those saddening sights can bring,
And look on thee, I seem to taste
The freshness of a second spring;
And feelings, long repressed, arise,
That whisper hopes of brighter skies.

Oh, did not anxious cares alloy
My bliss with thoughts of future ill,
Now might I taste of perfect joy,
My heart with sweetest rapture thrill,
As thus, with yearnings fond and deep,
I watch my guileless infant sleep!

But bodings full of fear *will* throng,
Unbidden, on my feverish brain;
And thoughts of sickness, blight, and wrong,
Come back upon my heart again:
And, sitting by thy side, I grieve
O'er dreams I cannot choose but weave.

I turn me to the past, and mourn
  That what has been again may be;
I weep, lest ills that I have borne
  Should be in store, my child, for thee;—
To warp thy truth, to cloud thy brow,
And make thee all that I am now:

The slave of anguish that has taught
  My harp the echo of my heart,—
Of hopes, with bright enchantment fraught,
  To stir my soul and then depart,—
Of gentle thoughts, inspired to bless,
All turned to tenfold bitterness;—

Of waning health, a wasted frame,
  Worn by the racking strife within;
Of pride not even grief may tame,
  That weighs upon my heart like sin;
Of glowing visions of delight
Dimmed by their own excess of light:

The dupe of every sordid fool,
  With just enough of sense to cheat
A simple novice in the school
  Where souls grow learned in deceit;
The victim of man's selfish schemes,
For deeming him the thing he seems!

Till every finer feeling sered,
Each kindlier impulse rudely checked,—
Hopes to my trusting youth endeared,
Crushed by unkindness or neglect;
I look around with altered eye,
And deem the world all treachery!

Yet it shall have my blessing still,
And I will worship its decree,
Will bend unmurmuring to its will,
Nay, court its frowns and contumely.
So every wrong it heaps on me
May win its smile, my babe, for thee.

But, lo! those merry eyes unclose,
And dart their thousand meanings round,—
Thy cheek with fresher crimson glows,
Thy brow with sunnier light is crowned,
As, bursting slumber's silken chain,
Thou bid'st past hopes revive again.

Thus do thou, ever thus, when Care
Flings her dark shadows o'er my way,
And hopes, as perishing as fair,
Like withered leaves have dropped away,
Shed light upon my heart and brow,—
To rapture turn my tears as now!

THE GIRL AND THE HAWK.

FROM A PICTURE BY G. S. NEWTON, R.A.

Graceful "phantom of delight!"
Glorious type of beauty bright!
Such as haunts the poet's vision,
When his dreams are all elysian,—
When his musing fancy brings
Shadows of all lovely things;
And famed Zeuxis' art excelling,
He hath formed a second Helen,—
Wanting but the power of speech,—
From the glowing traits of each!

But she may not vie with thee!
There's a sweet simplicity
Flitting round thine open brow,
Sporting on thy ripe lips now,
Mantling o'er thy maiden cheek
In hues that leave description weak;
With a brightness all too real
For a poet's *beau ideal!*

Though an angel's grace is thine,
Though the light is half divine,
That with chastened lustre flashes
From beneath thine eyes' dark lashes;
Yet thy thoughtful forehead fair,
And that sweetly pensive air,
Speak thee but of mortal birth,
An erring, witching child of earth;
In each varied mood revealing
Human hope and human feeling;
Gladsome now—now vowed to sorrow—
Gay to-day if sad to-morrow!

Huntress fair, the sport is over,
Wherefore chain thy feathered rover?
Rich indeed the prize must be,
That could lure him far from thee!
What to him those silken jesses,
Tangled in thy glossy tresses;
Dazzled by thy beauty's light,
Can he plume his wings for flight;
Fettered by a smile so bland,
Will he ever leave thy hand?—
No;—let him on thy beauty feed,
And he'll no firmer jesses need.

THE MELODY OF YOUTH.

Delicious strain! upon my charmed ear,
As evening's balmy breath upon a brow
Fevered with fruitless watchings, dost thou steal,
To bid my world-worn heart retrace the scenes
Where first it drank thy sweetness! What a crowd
Of home-bred joys, of visions loved and lost,
That simple cadence brings; each lengthening note
Fraught with its own peculiar memory!
Once seemed that song, so passing mournful now,
Gay as the dreams of boyhood,—and like them
The source of blameless joy to all around;
But when in after years, 'mid busier scenes,
Again I listened to those wood-notes wild,
Methought they sounded sadder than of yore:
Yet were they soothing, for my wayward heart,
Though something tamed from what it once had been,
Was still all hope; and had not wholly lost
The buoyant spirit only youth can know!
How sad is now that simple song to me;
How changed from what it was when life was new,

And like the clouds that gird a summer sun,
Tinged with ethereal brightness, all things 'round
Gathered their hues of gladness from my heart.

Breathe on! breathe on! 'tis soothing sweet to deem
That what thou wert in other years to me,
Thou may'st be still to many a youthful heart,
As joyous, warm, and true as once was mine!
Strain of my youth, all mournful as thou art
To me, the tears thy soft, deep notes awaken
Are grateful as the dew to withered flowers!
And though thy tenderest notes are ever fraught
With memories sad, I would not now recall;
Yet such their magic influence on my soul,
I deem them sweetest when they pain me most!

THE EXILES.

'T is eve on the ocean, the breeze is in motion;
And swiftly our vessel bounds forth on her way;
The blue sky is o'er us, the world is before us,
Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
Why sorrow thus blindly, for those who unkindly.
Could launch and then leave us on life's troubled sea;
Who so heartlessly scanted the little we wanted,
And denied us the all that we asked—to be free!
But we've 'scaped from their trammels, the word is "away,"
Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

On, on we are speeding, and swiftly receding,
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue,
Now that gem of earth's treasures, that scene of past pleasures,
The land of our childhood fades fast from our view!
Though thus exiled we sever from England for ever,
We'll make us a home and a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower, where stern Pride has no power,
And the frown of Oppression our bliss may not mar:
We have broken our chain, and the word is "away!"
Then Helen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Steal his arrows, break his bow,
From his eyes the film remove!
Clip his wings, and he will grow
More like Friendship far than Love.

What though Love no faults may see,
Where's the heart he fails to wring?
And whate'er his vows may be,
He's for ever on the wing.

Mischief is his cherished aim,
Which, though blind, he seldom misses;
And where once he lights a flame,
Judas-like he slays with kisses.

Friendship is a safer guest,
When without disguise we find her;
And, where once she makes her nest,
Vows are not required to bind her.

But would Love her eyes but borrow,
Doff his wings, abjure his dart,
He should be my guest to-morrow,
Never more from me to part.

THE DEATH OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

States vanish, ages fly;
But leave one task unchanged—to suffer and to die.
HEMANS.

Not when his golden eagles flew,
In sun-bright splendour o'er him,
When he came, and saw, and overthrew,
And kings bent down before him;
Not in his hour of regal pride,
When his navies darkening Egypt's tide,
To fame and conquest bore him,—
Did ever Pompey's laurelled brow,
To one fond heart seem bright as now.

When a monarch, ay, almost a god,
Rome's fickle legions crowned him;
When nations waited on his nod,
And myriads thronged around him;

Cornelia sat beside his throne,
His fame, wealth, honours, all her own,
Her's the sole chains that bound him;
But never did her lips avow
Such deep, devoted love as now.

Forlorn, deserted and betrayed,
An exile on the wave,
Doomed of the satraps he had made
Life's paltry boon to crave;
Of wealth, fame, power, even hope bereft,
Spurned by his summer friends, and left
No refuge but the grave,—
What lifts his soul his fate above,
What but Cornelia's changeless love!

She looks upon Pelugium's strand,
Fierce hosts are gathering there;
And she numbers each succeeding band,
With a wild and troubled air;
Proud ships are dancing in the bay;
"Is it their homage thus they pay,"
She asks, "or but a snare,
"Some dark device of Cæsar's hate,
"To seal my royal Pompey's fate?"

A boat comes tilting through the spray,
To bear him to the shore;
One kiss, and then away, away!
One word—and all is o'er!
Vain her entreaties; vainer now,
The bodings wild that cloud the brow
Her lips may press no more;
Bright prows are stirring in the bay;
The die is cast, away—away!

A shriek is on that noon-tide wave,
Despairing, loud, and shrill;
Oh, that her love had power to save
The blood they rush to spill!
It may not be; he looks his last,—
One moment—and the struggle's past;
Even now his heart grows chill;
He draws his mantle o'er his eyes,
And as he lived, great Pompey dies!

And shouts of triumph rend the air
From the slaves who mark his fall;
But the thrilling voice of that deep despair
Is heard above them all!

'Tis the requiem wild of Woman's love,
The cry of blood to heaven above,—
May vengeance note the call;—
And yon dastard traitors' cheeks grow pale
At the dooming tones of that fearful wail.

'Tis eve; those savage shouts are o'er,
That shriek hath died away;
And far from Egypt's fatal shore,
Her bark pursues its way;—
What is to her the fitful breeze,
The conflict stern of the skies and seas,
To the calm of yonder bay!
She'd rather seek the whirlpool's breast,
Than on those blood-stained waters rest.

What recks it where the casket lies,
When the gem it shrined is gone,—
Who bids the funeral pile arise,
When the deathless soul is flown!
And yet, might honours duly paid,
Truth's tears, appease a warrior's shade,
For a martyr's wrongs atone;
Fall'n chief, those offerings, half divine,
That incense of the heart, is thine!

Though of all the minions of thy power,
Who once meet homage paid thee;
Who fawned on thee in fortune's hour,
And when it waned betrayed thee;
Not one court-parasite is near,
To mourn above the bloody bier,
Where traitor hands have laid thee;
Two humble friends, with duteous love,
Now bend thy mangled form above.

And gathering from the grasping wave,
The relics of a bark
Wrecked, like the glories of the brave
When fortune's clouds grow dark;
They spread them for thy funeral pile,
Then breathing vengeance deep the while,
Kindle the glowing spark;
And flames, as bright as Truth, arise,
To grace great Pompey's obsequies!

MUSIC.

Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of Memory,
Oft, in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,
Love, in its first deep hour of truth;
And dreams of life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph pinions borne.

To the Enthusiast's heart, thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one;
And calls back moments, brief as dear,
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

The Exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among;
And straightway on his visions rise
Home's sunny slopes and cloudless skies.

The Warrior, from the strife retired,
By Music's stirring strains inspired,
Turns him to deeds of glory done,
To dangers 'scaped—and laurels won.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dreams of vanished years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of Memory:

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smiles of mirth away;—
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep!

To gloom or gladness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own!

MORNING.

Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbars the gates of light.

MILTON.

Oh, burst the bonds of slumber,
Beloved, awake, arise!
Night's shades are furled
From the breathing world,
And 'tis morn in the Eastern skies:

Flowers, fair and without number,
Unfold their gorgeous dyes;
Morn speeds apace
On her glorious race,
Then open thy star-like eyes;
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

Rich, milk-white clouds are sailing
Like ships upon stormless seas;
The heavens grow bright
With liquid light,
And fragrance loads the breeze:
Morn's melodies prevailing,
Sweep through the trembling trees;
The lark's in the sky,
And the linnet on high,
And wilt thou be less blithe than these?
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

The dew-bent rose is baring
Its breast to the golden sun;
New splendours shower
On temple and tower,
And the stir of day's begun:

We'll do a deed of daring
Ere Phœbus' race be run;
Our bark's below,
And the breezes blow,
And our goal will soon be won:—
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

What recks it to hearts like ours,
Where we resolve to flee?
Not far we'll roam
For a blissful home,
Since Paradise dwells with thee!
We'll steer for Pleasure's bowers,
With Hope, through Life's dark sea;
And Love shall guide
Us through the tide,
And our trusty Pilot be:
Sweet Helen, awake, arise!

QUEEN VICTORIA AT SPITHEAD.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE REVIEW, BY HER MAJESTY, OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FLEET UNDER THE COMMAND OF ADMIRAL HYDE PARKER, AT SPITHEAD, ON 21st OF JUNE 1845.

" Britannia rules the waves!"
Hark to that thrilling song,
That tells us there shall be no " slaves"
Her stalwart sons among!
That, wheresoe'er her flag may wave,
Her " charter," won from heaven, she'll keep—
Still potent to destroy or save—
Her empire o'er the deep!

Hark to the cannons' roar
As the Island Queen sweeps by!
To the cheers from sea to shore,
That would seem to rend the sky!
Hark, again! What thunders peal,
As those " Wooden Walls" reply!
Till their decks begin to reel
With that burst of loyalty!

All hail our Ocean Queen!
Hail, too, our "Wooden Walls!"
What dreams of glories that have been
That gallant show recalls!
What heroes of the mighty deep,
That long have run their race,
Uprise from their fame-hallowed sleep,
In this familiar place!

Too war-worn to take part
In yon heart stirring scene,
Like some bright star that dwells apart,
One ship afar is seen;
Safe, in her honoured age, she sleeps
From storms she once might well defy;
And still the post of honour keeps,
The eidolon of VICTORY!

And bearing many a glorious name
Of hero-might, or battle-flood,
Snatched from the brightest scroll of Fame,
Are ranged yon gallant sisterhood.
Meet spectacle for England's Queen;
Fit homage to her island reign;
Whose proudest boast hath ever been
Her empire o'er the main!

"Britannia rules the waves!"
Hark to that thrilling song
That tells us there shall be no "slaves"
Her stalwart sons among;
That wheresoe'er her flag may wave,
Her "charter," won from heaven, she'll keep—
Still potent to destroy or save—
Her empire o'er the deep!

ON
A BEAUTIFUL STATUE BY RICHARD LANE, ESQ. OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of the past,
I saw thee for a moment, 'twas the first time and the last;
And though years since then have glided by of mingled
bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty, thou wert graceful as the fawn,
When in very wantonness of glee it sports upon the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight!

I saw thee in thy beauty, with thy sister by thy side,—
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride:
I looked upon thy mother, there was triumph in her eyes,
But I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made
me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls,
The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of pearls;
She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee though she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a tear came to mine eye,
As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought e'en thou could'st die;
Thy home was like a summer bower by thy joyous presence made,
But I only *saw* the sunshine, and I *felt* alone the shade.

I saw thee in thy beauty, and a cloud passed o'er my brow,
As I thought of one as passing fair, as fondly loved as thou;
I remembered how at set of sun, I blessed him as he lay;
I remembered, ere its rising, how his soul had passed away.

I see thee in thy beauty, for there thou seemest to lie,
In slumber resting peacefully, but, oh! that change of eye,
That fixed serenity of brow, those lips that breathe no more,
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

ON A STATUE OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

I see thee in thy beauty, with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back
but one.

I see thee in thy beauty, with thy mother by thy side,
But her loveliness is faded, and quelled her glance of
pride;
The smile is absent from her lips, and absent are the
pearls,
And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty, as I saw thee on *that* day;
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with
thy life away;
I see thee lying motionless upon th' accustomed floor,
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can see
no more!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND, OF FEVER, AT LAGUIRA.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned;
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.
POPE.

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him;
And felt it scarce a pain to part,
Such sun-bright dreams came o'er him:
He turned him to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were 'round them;
And a father's bodings, a mother's tears,
Might not weigh with the hopes that crowned them.

That mother's cheek is far paler now,
Than when she last caressed him;
There's an added gloom on that father's brow,
Since the hour when last he blessed him:
Oh! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow;
And the cankering fears of anxious love
Ever end in truth, and sorrow!

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming,—
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennant above him streaming:
He hath reached his goal;—by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun they laid him;
And strangers bent above his grave
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,
With friends and kindred near him;
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,
With no cherished friend to cheer him.
But what reeks it now? Is his sleep less sound,
Where the breezes wild have swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him;
Or share the grief that must cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No; his bark's at anchor, its sails are furled,
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

FORGET THEE, NO, NEVER!

Forget thee,—no, never! Why cherish a thought
To the friend of thy soul with injustice so fraught;
Why embitter our fast-fading moments of bliss
By suspicion so wild and unfounded as this?

Forget thee,—no, never! Among the light hearted,
Love may droop and decay when the fond ones are parted,
But affection like ours is too deep and sublime
To be chilled in its ardour by absence or time.

Then, gentle one, banish all doubt from thy breast:
By the kiss that so late on thy lips I impressed;
By the griefs that have blighted the bloom of my years;
By the hope that still calls forth a smile through my tears;

By the hour of our parting, thus sweetly delayed;
By truth deeply tried, and by trust unbetrayed;—
I will not forget thee!—Till life's latest ray
In the dark night of death shall have melted away,—

'Mid ambition, fame, poverty, riches, or sadness,—
Pain or peril, or hate, or contention, or gladness;
Let changes the darkest or brightest betide,
Thy memory shall still be my solace and pride!

TO A CHILD BLOWING BUBBLES.

> Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
> Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
> Ah! that once more I were a careless child!
>
> GOLDSMITH.

Thrice happy Babe! what radiant dreams are thine,
As thus thou bidd'st thine air-born bubbles soar;—
Who would not Wisdom's choicest gifts resign
To be, like thee, a careless child, once more.

To share thy simple sports, and sinless glee;
Thy breathless wonder, thy unfeigned delight,
As, one by one, those sun-touched glories flee,
In swift succession, from thy straining sight!

To feel a power within himself to make,
  Like thee, a rainbow wheresoe'er he goes;
To dream of sunshine, and like thee to 'wake
  To brighter visions, from his charmed repose.

Who would not give his all of worldly lore,—
  The hard-earned fruits of many a toil and care,—
Might he but thus the faded past restore,
  Thy guileless thoughts and blissful ignorance share.

Yet Life hath bubbles too, that soothe a while
  The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love—Friendship—Fortune—Fame—by turns beguile,
  But melt, 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch, to tears.

Thrice happy Child! a brighter lot is thine;
  (What new illusion e'er can match the first?)
We mourn to see each cherished hope decline;
  Thy mirth is loudest when thy bubbles burst.

A DAY DREAM,

WRITTEN AFTER THE AUTHOR'S RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

> O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
> Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
> To make the shifting clouds be what you please.
>
> COLERIDGE.

Why, what a Paradise is earth to-day!
Some heavy torpor must have locked my soul
In dull, unvarying listlessness till now!
Some envious film must sure have dimmed my eyes,
And veiled this world of beauty from my sight,
For long, long years!—Yon ever glorious sun
Darts his life-giving beams upon my heart,
And stirs it to a deeper sense of bliss
Than e'er it felt before. My pulses grow
Instinct with new existence, fresher life;
And all around me gathers as I gaze,
Hues of a more pervading loveliness
Than it was wont to wear! The clouds above
Flow on like molten silver; now and then
Fretted with crimson tinges, and anon
Streaked with the deep blue of the upper sky,

That spreads and spreads beyond them in a sea
Of living sapphire. Multitudes of forms,
Palpably bright and beautiful, are moving
Athwart the depths of heaven; and I see,—
So Fancy in her wayward mood would deem,—
File upon file of rich and gorgeous shapes
Advancing, and advancing without end!

Throned in a car, inwoven of the beams
Of the descending sun, whose flashing wheels
Leave a long trail of glory as they speed,
Towers the mighty and majestic form
Of the Imperial Captain;—HIM who led
The forces of the' Omnipotent against
The dark and daring Lucifer, and hurled
The "race rebellious" to "combustion down"
And "bottomless perdition!" On his brow,
His starry brow, a coronal is wreathed,
Worthy the temples of the King of kings!
His shining sword is sheathless, and its blade,
Like a death-dooming meteor ere it falls
In ruin upon earth, flashes in light,
In terrible light, whichever way it turns!
Celestial scorn, defiance without pride,
And all the wrath the son of God may own,
Hath curled his lip in beautiful disdain.

In the distance,
A huge, slow moving mass appears to rise
Darkening the sky. I look again, and lo!
Myriads of forms, in phalanx firm conjoined,
Press on to ruin in one turbulent host
'Gainst the celestial Chief. In the van,
The master Demon lifts his lordly crest
In proud and insolent triumph, and abroad
Waves his tremendous falchion! In his eye,
Pride, hate, ambition, cruelty are glassed,
As in a mirror. O'er his lofty front
His ebon locks, Medusa-like, are wreathed
In many a snaky fold; and on his brow,
Undiademed, are throned revenge sublime,
Bloated defiance, lust of pomp and power,
And resolution not to be subdued.

Those hostile bands advance, and now have gained
Midway the arch of heaven!—They pause a while,—
Then to the charge, and straight from pole to pole,
The bray of battle rings!

The sun hath dropped
Into the blushing bosom of the West,
And with him the bright pageant too hath vanished!
The clash of helm and shield, the sounds of war,

Fancy had wafted on my dreaming ear,
Have sunk to silence. Not a breath disturbs
The deep serene around me; and above,
Rises a lofty cupola of sky,
In blue, eye-soothing beauty and repose!
No battling seraphim are there; but clouds:
Slow sailing on, in placid loveliness,
Like pleasure-barques upon a summer sea.
No shields and helms shine forth in dazzling lustre;
But where the God of day hath left his smile,
Are countless hues camoleon-like that change
As the glance strives to trace them, and become
Momently deeper than before; anon,
Twilight begins to weave her fairy web
Of light and gloom, and, from the deepening East,
Night spreads her ebon arms to clasp the world.

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

Meet me at sunset, the hour we love best,
Ere day's last crimson blushes have died in the west;
When the shadowless ether is blue as thine eye,
And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy sigh;
When giant-like forms lengthen fast o'er the ground
From the motionless mill and the linden trees round;
When the stillness below, the mild radiance above,
Softly sink on the heart, and attune it to love.

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

Meet me at sunset,—oh! meet me once more,
'Neath the wide-spreading thorn where you met me of yore,
When our hearts were as calm as the broad summer sea
That lay gleaming before us, bright, boundless, and free;
And, with hand clasped in hand, we sat spell-bound, and deemed
That life would be ever the thing it then seemed:—
The tree we then planted, green record, lives on,
But the hopes that grew with it are faded and gone.

Meet me at sunset, beloved, as of old,
When the boughs of the chestnut are waving in gold;
When the starry clematis bends down with its bloom,
And the jasmine exhales a more 'witching perfume.
That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish of years,
And though fortune still frown, bid us smile through our tears:
Through the storms of the future shall soothe and sustain;
Then, meet me at sunset—oh, meet me again!

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF A SEA-SHELL.

> Murmurings from within
> Were heard, sonorous cadences, whereby
> To his belief the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with its native sea.
> WORDSWORTH.

Voice of the deep, illimitable sea,
  Discarded offspring of the wind and wave!
That, like a captive struggling to be free,
  Thus ever moan'st in thy mysterious cave,—
Art thou a syren, by some sea-god's spell,
    Prisoned in this smooth shell?

Or, but a spirit of the vasty deep,
  Called up to earth by some enchanter's wand?—
Whose was the charm that broke thy long, cold sleep,
  And sent thee, murmuring, from thy parent sand?
How wert thou ushered to the realms of day,
    Syren or spirit, say?

Yet more,—I would know more! I burn to pierce
The hidden secrets of thine ocean home;—
Where are the victims of its surges fierce,
Who dreamed of calms, to wake amid their foam;
The souls that perished 'neath the stormy wave,
When none were nigh to save?

Where are the stately ship and gallant crew,
Whose hapless fate is sealed to all beside;
The warrior bold a fear that never knew;
The gentler hearts that death could not divide?
Where are the lost and loved so many seek?
Speak, I conjure thee, speak!

How dost thou answer? With a low, sweet dirge,
Sad as the booming of the sullen main,
The far-off warnings of the restless surge,
When storms are growing into strength again!
Perchance a requiem for the glorious dead,
Youth, beauty, valour, fled.

Whate'er thy source and purpose, I rejoice
To list thy mystic murmurings, soft and clear:
To me thou seemest like a still, small voice,
By Conscience whispered in my world-vexed ear,
To lead my soul from groveling things of earth,
To hopes of loftier birth!

THE WEDDING DAY.

> The last! the last! the last!
> Oh, by that little word,
> How many thoughts are stirred!
> CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Nay, chide me not! I cannot chase
  The gloom that wraps my soul away;
Nor wear, as erst, the smiling face
  That best beseems this hallowed day:
Fain would my yearning heart be gay,
  Its wonted welcome breathe to thine;
But sighs come blended with my lay,
  And tears of anguish blot the line.

I cannot sing, as once I sung
  Our bright and cheerful hearth beside;
When gladness ruled my heart and tongue,
  And looks of fondest love replied:
The meaner cares of earth defied,
  We heeded not its outward din,
How loud soe'er the storm might chide,
  So all was calm and fair within.

A blight upon our bliss hath come;
We are not what we were of yore—
The music of our hearts is dumb;
Our fireside mirth is heard no more!
The little cricket's chirp is o'er
That filled our happy home with glee;
The dove hath fled whose pinions bore
Healing and peace for thee and me.

Our youngest born, our autumn flower,
The best beloved, because the last;
The star that shone above our bower,
When many a cherished dream had passed;
The one sweet hope, that o'er us cast
Its rainbow form of life and light,
And smiled defiance on the blast,
Hath vanished from our eager sight.

Oh! sudden was the wrench that tore
Affection's firmest links apart,
And doubly barbed the shaft we wore
Deep in each bleeding heart of heart:
For who can bear from bliss to part,
Without one sign, one warning token;
To sleep in peace, then wake, and start,
To find life's fairest promise broken?

When last this cherished day came round,,
What aspirations sweet were ours;
Fate, long unkind, our hopes had crowned,
And strewn, at length, our path with flowers.
How darkly now the prospect lowers;
How thorny is our homeward way;
How more than sad the evening hours
That used to glide like bliss away.

And, half infected by our gloom,
Yon little mourner sits and sighs;
His playthings, scattered 'round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes:
Mutely his infant task he plies,
Or moves with soft and stealthy tread;
And called, in tones subdued replies,
As if he feared to wake the dead.

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he loved to guide and share?
Where is the merry child who won
All hearts to fondness? Where, oh, where!
The empty crib, the vacant chair,
The favourite toy, alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair
Of hopes we cannot feel again.

Ay, joyless is our 'ingle nook,'
Its genial light we own no more;
Our fireside wears an altered look,
A gloom it never knew before!
The converse sweet, the cherished lore,
That once could cheer our stormiest day;
Those revels of the soul are o'er,
Those simple pleasures passed away.

Then chide me not, I cannot sing
A song befitting love and thee;
"My heart and harp have lost the string"
On which hung half their melody:
Yet soothing sweet it is to me,
Since fled the smiles of happier years,
To know that still our hearts are free,
Betide what may, to mingle tears.

SAPPHO.

It was her evil star above,
Not her sweet lute that wrought her wrong;
It was not song that taught her love,
But it was love that taught her song.

L. E. L.

Though many an age hath passed away
Fair Sappho since thy birth,
Thy name, as a familiar sound,
Still lingers on the earth.

Whence is thy power to hold the mind,
What spells to thee belong?
Which is the stronger tie to bind,
Thy sorrows, or thy song?

Though Fame o'erflowed her charmed cup,
And bade thee freely take,
Thy thirst was of the lonely heart,
No earthly waters slake.

Thy history, 'twas no common lot;
Thy wreath how dearly won!
The idol of a thousand hearts,
That sighed in vain for one!

Thus fared it in the days of old,
And thus it fares to-day:
Genius but gives to froward Fate
A double barb to slay.

TO OCTAVIA,

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JOHN LARKING, ESQ.

Full many a gloomy month hath passed,
On flagging wing, regardless by,
Unmarked by aught, save grief, since last
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy?
For all my joys are withered now,
The hopes I most relied on thwarted,
And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow
With many a shade since last we parted:
Yet, 'mid this murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforgot!

There are who love to trace the smile
That dimples upon Childhood's cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile
The dictates of the bosom break:
Ah, who of such could look on thee
Without a wish to rival me!

None: his must be a stubborn heart,
And strange to every gentler feeling,
Who from thy glance could bear to part
Cold and unmoved, without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret
That dimmed my eyes when last we met!

Sweet Bud of Beauty! 'mid the thrill,
The sickening thrill of hope delayed,—
Peril, and almost every ill
That can the breast of man invade,—
No tender thought of thine and thee
Hath faded from my memory:
For I have dwelt on each dear form
Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
And that remembrance seemed to charm,
Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;
And now, again, I breathe a lay
To hail thee on thy natal day!

Oh, might my fervent prayers prevail
For blessings on thy future years,
Or innocence, like thine, avail
To save thee from affliction's tears,—
Each moment of thy life should bring
Some new delight upon its wing:

And the wild sparkle of thine eye,
Thy guilelessness of soul revealing,
Beam ever thus as brilliantly;
Undimmed, save by those gems of feeling,
Those soft, luxurious drops that flow
In pity for another's woe!

But vain the wish; it may not be;
Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
Or hearts from sinful passion free
Here hope for unalloyed delight,
Then, those who watch thine opening bloom
Had never known an hour of gloom:
No; if the chastening stroke of Fate
On guilty heads alone descended,
They would not sure have felt its weight,
In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
Life's kindliest social virtues move
In one unfailing tide of love.

Then since upon this earth joy's beams
Are fading, frail, and few in number,
And melt like the light-woven dreams
That steal upon the mourner's slumber;
Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
The ills that heaven may bid thee share:

And when thine infancy hath fled,
And Time with Woman's zone hath bound thee,
If, in the path thou 'rt doomed to tread,
The thorns of sorrow lurk and wound thee,
Be thine that exquisite relief
That blossoms in the springs of grief!

And like the many-tinted bow,
That smiles the showery clouds away,
May Hope, Grief's Iris here below,
Attend and cheer thee on thy way,
Till full of years, thy cares at rest,
Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!
Young Sister of a *mortal* NINE,
Farewell! perchance a long farewell!
Though griefs unnumbered yet be mine,—
Griefs, Hope may vainly strive to quell,—
'Twill half unteach my soul to pine,
If there be bliss for thee and thine!

1817.

STANZAS WRITTEN AT VAUCLUSE.

Petrarch spent the greater part of the summer of 1346 at Vaucluse. During his former sojourn there, he had, by confining the stream of the Sorgue, gained a small piece of ground, which he converted into a garden; but the river overflowed its artificial bank, and he was finally compelled to abandon it. He has made his "Battle with the Naiads" the subject of a Latin Poem.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF PETRARCH.

Not by his song, although its notes were sweet
As though his lips had only honey known;
Nor by his love, it was a flame unmeet,
Did Petrarch make all hearts, save one, his own!

We know his gentle spirit suffered wrong;
Its shadowy hopes we know, less shadowy fears;
His lot was cast among the sons of song,
Sealed with their seal, the baptism of tears.

With his hopes shipwrecked, did he not retire
To sternest lore in manhood's golden prime;
Bid Learning's half-extinguished torch aspire,
And his own tongue make perfect for all time?

Cimmerian darkness veiled the Muses' land,
'Till he arose and set the captives free:
For this her sons still bless his gracious hand;
For this her daughters still bow down the knee.

And do I stand where he himself hath stood;
And do mine eyes behold what his have seen!
A dream perchance of even the self-same mood
My spirit knows, as on his own hath been.

There wells his fountain clear as Castaly;
There in its might his river foams along;
There frowns the stately castle still on high,
Whose every stone is vocal with his song.

Valclusa's plains are rugged as before
His classic hand their ruggedness would till;
And for his garden, as he said of yore,
"The Muses and the Naiads battle" still.

Fair is the scene,—yet earth owns many such;
There doth the heart more than the eye behold;
There was it that his mind's irradiate touch
Turned, like the sun, life's common things to gold.

All that the spirit loathes around was spread;
Rapine and wrong the mastery had obtained;
His genius stood between the quick and dead,
And "the great plague" of grossness was restrained.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Among the nobles charged with being the accomplices of Duke John of Swabia in the assassination of the usurper Albert of Austria in 1308, was the Baron Rudolph Vonder-Wart; and although, as is clear from the concurring testimony of the Swiss historians, he had taken no part whatever in the affair, he was seized by Agnes, the surviving daughter of the tyrant, and, after a mock trial, condemned to be broken alive upon the wheel. For three days and two nights did he endure, without shrinking, the fearful agony of his cruel mode of punishment, during the whole of which time his wife, a beautiful young woman of the illustrious house of Balm, kept watch beside him, regardless of either food or shelter, with the most heroic firmness. On the evening of the third day, his frame having become exhausted by the intensity of his sufferings, he murmured faintly the words, "Gertrude, this is fidelity until death," and expired. His unhappy lady retired soon afterwards to a convent at Basle, where she died of a broken heart.

'T is morn: o'er Kyburg's castled crag day's first faint
streak appears,
Like the ray of Truth through Error's mists, or the smile
through Woman's tears;
With gradual step it glides along, from cloud to cloud,
and now
Bathes in a flood of living light Mongarten's frowning
brow.

The sun looks out, the heavens are gay, the earth beneath
them shines,
And the fitful breeze hath ceased to toss yon broad, black
sea of pines;

The storm that lately ravaged earth hath sunk into its lair,
And left "a scene of power to charm all sadness save despair!"

Beneath yon mountain's gloomy crest a crowd is gathering fast,
To see, on murder's hellish wheel, a hero breathe his last:
What though his quivering clay be cold before that sun hath set,
Draw near, a noble lesson learn, it is not soulless yet!

Mangled, and bleeding at each pore, denied the bliss to die,
Coiled 'round that dread machine he lies in fearful agony;
Two days exposed to sun and storm and bleaching in the blast,
Those ghastly limbs have struggled there, but this will be the last.

Not his the crime for which he writhes, not his the 'vengeful dart,
Launched with unerring aim, that lodged in Albert's tyrant heart;

He would have braved him in the field, defied him in his might,
Not tracked his lone, defenceless steps with felon shaft to smite.

His innocence availed him not, they knew the quenchless hate
He bore that despot's iron rule, and dragged him to his fate;
Then stormed his undefended towers, and left of all his train
Of friends or vassals, kin or kind, but ONE to soothe his pain.

And not in pity was she spared from that remorseless slaughter,
'Twas but to glut the rage refined of Austria's wolfish daughter;
But ere her vengeance was complete, she glided from her power,
And flew to lighten with her prayers her Rudolph's parting hour.

And bending o'er her dying lord that faithful woman stands,
With pallid cheek, disheveled hair, and clasped, beseeching hands;

The aid denied to her on earth she craves from One above,
And sure, if mortal prayers avail, hers will not bootless prove!

They brained her babe before her eyes, even smiling in its sleep;
They wrenched her Rudolph from her arms, she shrieked, but did not weep;
She heard the sentence of their hate, but still she shed no tear;
They marred her beauty with their chains; she burst them, and is here!

Awed by such more than mortal love, the ruthless slaves around,
Even to the minister of death, are silent and spell-bound;
They dare not for their souls approach what to their wondering eyes
Shews like some radiant seraph form descended from the skies.

Well may they deem her not of earth, for earth hath seldom seen
Such holy love, such fervid faith, so suffering yet serene;

But when the cloud of blight descends, of darkness and
despair,
Upon the trusted head and heart, what will not Woman
dare!

That scene is all deserted now, that martyr's pangs no
more;
And she who soothed his parting hour, her vigil too is
o'er;
For when her last sad hope was gone, her stricken heart
to hide,
She sought a covert from her foes, wrenched out the dart,
and died.

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

The House of God is the Home of the sorrowful.
ANNA MARIA PORTER.

The doors unfold! I gaze with breathless thrill;
All that my fancy pictured there appears;
Strange that stone walls should have the power to fill
The heart with gladness, and the eye with tears:
Like a tired child that gains its mother's breast,
I enter in, and feel my soul at rest!

I might not speak, too sacred seemed the spot;
I could not sigh, for peace was with me then;
The world with all its idle cares forgot:
Oh, were thine architects but sinful men!
An atmosphere of heaven seemed breathing 'round,
Thy walls bade welcome, though without a sound.

Silence descended like a brooding dove;
Pontiff, procession, all had passed away;
Motion was not, save that the hand of love
Pointed from twilight to the perfect day!
I stilled my heart, and held my breath to hear
Words that seemed whispering in my dreaming ear.

'Hath love of glory taught thine heart to sigh,
Honour's bright wreath, the thirst for high renown,
Lured thee, from step to step, to climb on high,
Then dashed the chalice and the votary down?
Foiled, crushed, and trampled spirit, draw thee near,
A world-rejected heart is cherished here!

'Hath love beguiled thee with his promise fair,
Bliss unalloyed, affection's self unchilled,
Won thy young heart to give thee back despair,—
A poisoned cup from sweetest flowers distilled?
Leave withered hopes for those that ne'er grow sere,
A love unchangeable is promised here.

'Gifted of nature, spendthrift of the mind,
A golden idol is thy master-taste;
Let go each cherished sin, howe'er refined,
The hidden talent, feelings run to waste:
Dreamer awake, shake off thy coward fear,
Gird up thy loins, and know thy strength is here!

'Regretful spirit, brooding o'er the past,
Achievements high conceived, but never won;
Draw near and down thy heavy burthen cast,
Remorse for "good received, and evil done:"
Give passion utterance and free way the tear,
Sorrow that worketh joy awaits thee here!

'Heart-broken prodigal, why stand afar;
This House of Refuge, is it not for thee?
World-spent and wearied with life's ceaseless jar,
Shake off thy bondage, triumph, and be free:
Welcome awaits thee, plenteous is the cheer;
Peace to thee, weary one, thy rest is here!

'Sorrowful spirit, whatsoe'er the grief
That forged thy fetter, make that grief thy plea;
He who in suffering was the Martyr-Chief,
Hath balm for all, whate'er the wound may be:
A shadowy path leads to a cloudless sphere,
But till ye gain it, know your home is here!'

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Who can bring healing to her heart's despair,
Her whole rich sum of happiness lies there!
CROLY.

Pale is his cheek with deep, impassioned thought,
Save when a feverish hectic crosses it,
Flooding its lines with crimson. From beneath
The long, dark fringes of its drooping lid
Flash forth the fitful glances of his eye
With an unearthly brightness. On that lid
The swelling brow weighs heavily, as though

Bursting with thought for utterance too intense!
His lip is curled with something too of pride
Which ill beseems the meekness and repose
That should, at such an hour, within his heart,
Spite of this world's vexations, be combined.
'Tis not disdain; for only those he loves
Are near him now, with soft, low-whispered words
Tendering heart-offered services, and watching,
With fond inquietude, the couch on which
His slender form reclines. What can it be?—
Perchance some rooted memory of the past;
Some dream of injured pride that fain would wreak
Its force on dumb expression;—some fierce wrong
That his young soul hath suffered unappeased:
But thoughts like these must be dispelled before
That soul can plume its wings to part in peace.
And now his glance is lifted to the face
Of one who bends above him with an air
Of fond solicitude, and props his head,
With her own graceful arm, until at length
The sliding pillow is replaced; but, ere
His cheek may press on its uneven down,
Her delicate hand hath smoothed it.
Too well divineth he the voiceless woe
That breathes in each unbidden sigh, and beams
From her large, loving eyes! Too well he knows

That grief and keen anxiety for him
Have chased the rose from her once brilliant cheek.
His quivering lips unclose, as if to pour
The fond acknowledgments of duteous love
In that sweet mourner's ear; but his parched tongue
Its aid refuses. Gathering then each ray,
Each vivid ray, of feeling from his heart
Into a single focus, in his eye
His inmost soul is glassed, and love, deep love,
And grateful admiration, beam confessed
In one wild, passionate glance! The gentle girl
Basks her awhile in that full blaze, then stoops,
And, hiding her pale face upon his breast,
Murmurs sounds inarticulate but sweet
As the low wail of summer's evening breath
Amid the wind-harp's strings. Then bursts the tide
Of woe that may no longer be repressed,
Stirred from its source by chill, hope-withering fears,
And from her charged 'lids big drops descend
In swift succession. With more tremulous hand
Clasps she the sufferer's neck. Upon his brow
The damps of death are settling, and his eyes
Grow fixed and meaningless. She marks the change
With desperate earnestness; and staying even
Her breath, that nothing may disturb the hush,
Lays her wan cheek still closer to his heart,

And listens, as its varying pulses move,
Haply to catch a sound betokening life.
It beats—again—another—and another,—
And now hath ceased for ever! What a shriek,
A shrill and soul-appalling shriek bursts forth,
When the full truth hath rushed upon her brain!
Who may describe the rigidness of frame,
The stony look of hopeless misery
With which she hangs o'er that unmoving clay?
Not I; my pencil hath no further power,
So here I'll drop the Grecian painter's veil!

ON REVISITING A SCENE OF EARLY LIFE.

> It is the same clear dazzling scene,
> Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
> Perhaps the river's troubled voice,
> Does not so plainly say 'Rejoice.'
>
> W. B. PROCTER.

Sweet pastoral Vale! when hope was young,
And life looked green and bright as thou,
Ere this world's toils or cares had flung
A shade of sadness on my brow,—
A loiterer in thy sylvan bowers,
I whiled away uncounted hours,
And by thine own sequestered stream,
Poured forth in song love's first, wild dream!

Bright River, as it lapsed along
In glory on its winding way,
Like Youth's first hopes, rejoicing, strong,
And full of heaven's own hues as they,—
I little thought that storms would fling
Their shadows o'er so fair a thing;
Or that *my* course would ever be
Less calm than then it seemed to me.

I came when wintry winds were high,
  And storms were hurtling in the air;
Thy river rushed a torrent by,
  Thy skies were dim, thy trees were bare;
And that lone ruin erst that rose
An emblem of thy charmed repose,
Seemed struggling with the fitful blast,
Like some gaunt spectre of the Past.

A change was in my aching breast,
  As dark as that I found in thee;
Thoughts, as thy waves impetuous, pressed
  O'er my sad soul tumultuously,
As gazing on that altered scene,
I thought of what we both had been:
I see thee calm and fair once more;
When will my stormier day be o'er?

And thou art now a fairy dream
  To stir the source of sweetest tears;
Thy sun-touched fane, and sparkling stream,
  My beacon-lights to other years:
Oh, might my world-worn spirit close
Its weary pinions in repose,
I would not ask more perfect bliss
Than such a resting-place as this!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Sweet flower! with flowers I strew thy narrow bed!
Sweets to the sweet! Farewell!
SHAKSPERE.

A cloud is on my heart and brow,
The tears are in my eyes,
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs;—
As musing on thine early doom,
Thou bud of beauty snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies,
I turn, thy painful struggle past,
From what thou art to what thou wast!

I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank but boisterous glee,
Thy arch, sweet smiles, thy coy delays,
Thy step, so light and free;
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness when the task was done
And gained thy mother's knee;—
Thy gay, good-humoured, childish ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please!

Where are they now, and where, oh where,
The eager, fond caress,
The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press?
The open brow, and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously?
Ah! had we loved them less!
Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
And sweeten even this cup of grief.

Thou hast escaped a thorny scene,
A wilderness of woe,
Where many a blast of anguish keen
Had taught thy tears to flow;
Perchance some wild and withering grief
Had seared thy summer's earliest leaf,
In these dark bowers below,
Or sickening thrills of hope deferred,
To strife thy gentlest thoughts had stirred!

Thou hast escaped life's fitful sea
Before the storm arose,
Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
From aught that marred repose;

Safe from the thousand throes of pain,
Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
Upon thine opening rose;—
And who can calmly think of this,
Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss?

I culled from home's beloved bowers
To deck thy last long sleep,
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dews may steep:
The rosebud, emblem meet, was there,
The violet blue, and jasmine fair
That drooping seemed to weep;—
And now I add this lowlier spell:—
Sweets to the passing sweet, farewell!

EGYPT UNVISITED.

SUGGESTED BY MR. DAVID ROBERTS'S EGYPTIAN SKETCHES.

The poetry of earth is fading fast;
It hath no region it can call its own;
The dim, religious light of old that cast
Mysterious beauty on its haunts hath flown!

Science, with eye of microscopic power,
And disenchanting lamp, from land to land,
With railroad speed continues still to scour,
Till scarce a spot on earth remains unscanned.

Even the vast Pyramid hath now become
A thing whose secrets all are known too well;
The Harp of Memnon is for ever dumb;
And even the Sphinx hath nothing left to tell!

The Nile, so long a river of the heart,
Hath now no mystic problem to unveil;
And its drear desert, once a thing apart
From common roads, we soon may cross by rail!

No green oasis now enchants the eye,
With its tall palms and fountains bubbling o'er;
The desert ship we loved in days gone by,
Is but a camel now, "and nothing more!"

Then why through Egypt should I seek to roam,
Fancy to feed with scenes that will but mock it;
With graphic Roberts for my guide (at home),
And Murray's trusty "Hand-Book" in my pocket.

THE AVALANCHE.

'Tis Night; and Silence with unmoving wings
Broods o'er the sleeping waters;—not a sound
Breaks its most breathless hush. The sweet moon flings
Her pallid lustre on the hills around,
Turning the snows and ices that have crowned,
Since Chaos reigned, each vast, untrodden height,
To beryl, pearl, and silver;—whilst, profound,
In the calm, waveless lake, reflected bright,
And girt with arrowy rays, rests her full orb of light.

The' eternal mountains momently are peering
Through the dark clouds that mantle them; on high
Their glittering crests majestically rearing,
More like to children of the infinite sky,
Than of the dædal earth. Triumphantly,
Prince of the whirlwind, Monarch of the scene,
Mightiest where all are mighty; from the eye
Of mortal man half hidden by the screen
Of mists that veil his base from Arve's dark, deep ravine,

Stands the magnificent Montblanc; his brow
Scarred with innumerous thunders;—most sublime,
Even as though risen from the world below
To mark the progress of Decay; by clime,
Storm, blight, fire, earthquake, lessened not; like Time,
Stern chronicler of centuries gone by,
Doomed by a heavenly fiat still to climb,
Swell and increase with years incessantly,
Then yield at length to thee, most dread Eternity!

●

Hark! there are sounds of tumult and commotion
Hurtling in murmurs on the distant air,
Like the wild music of a wind-lashed ocean;—
They rage, they gather now; yon valley fair
Still sleeps in moon-bright loveliness, but there
Methinks a form of horror I behold
With giant-stride descending! 'Tis Despair,
Riding the rushing Avalanche; now rolled
From yon steep slope—by whom—what mortal may unfold?

Perchance a breath from fervid Italy
Unloosed the air-hung thunderer; or the tone
Poured from some hunter's horn; or, it may be,
The echoes of the mountain cataract, thrown
Amid its voiceful snows, have thus called down

The overwhelming ruin on the vale.
Howbeit a mystery to man unknown,
'Twas but some unseen power that did prevail,
For an inscrutable end, its slumbers to assail.

Madly it bursts along, like a broad river
That gathers strength in its most fierce career;
The black and lofty pines a moment quiver
Before its breath, but, as it draws more near,
Crash—and are seen no more. Fleet-footed Fear,
Pale as that white-robed minister of wrath,
In silent wilderment her face doth rear,
And, having gazed upon its blight and scathe,
Flies with the swift chamois from its death-dooming path!

TO POESY.

Poesy! thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though for thy sake I am crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And I knew thou'dst make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep thee too,
Spite of all the world could do.
Though thou be to them a scorn
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!

WITHER.

I always loved thee gentle Poesy!
And though thou oft hast served to work me woe,
Do love thee still;—nurtured beneath thine eye,
"For me the meanest, simplest flowers that blow,
Have often thoughts that lie too deep for tears."
Not all the joys the multitude can know
Should e'er seduce my bosom to forego
Thy sacred influence: yet from earliest years,
Like that frail plant whose shrinking leaves betray
The careless pressure of an idle hand,
My heart, unschooled in guile, could ne'er command
Its hectics of the moment:—let thy ray,
Then, thou sweet source of sorrow and delight,
Beam on thy votary's soul with more attempered light.

1814.

THE HOME OF TALIESSIN.

The remains, consisting of little more than the foundation-stones, of the dwelling of the celebrated Welsh bard Taliessin, are still pointed out in a romantic gorge of the mountains near Llanrwyst, at no great distance from the Druid waves of Llynn Geirionedd. The view which is commanded from this spot is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined.

I stood on the spot where the famed TALIESSIN,
"The Prince of the Bards," had his dwelling of old;
Sad thoughts on my memory, unbidden, were pressing,
Of hopes wildly thwarted, and friendships grown cold!

Eve was yielding to twilight; yet still richly glowing,
The deep skies reflected the sun that had fled;
And below me, in musical murmurs, were flowing
The bright purple waters of Llynn Geirionedd.

I looked on the mighty hills gathered around it,—
Like Titans they stood, with their cloud-girded brows;
And I thought of the minstrel whose genius had crowned it,
As I gazed on their summits of shadows and snows.

I called on his name who had roused from her slumbers
Sweet Echo, how oft, in her deep-hidden lair;
I asked, where, and oh where, breathes he now his wild numbers?
And the mountains around answered, where, and oh where?

Years have fleeted since then;—but in sickness and sadness,
As I muse on the hopes that once promised so fair,
I ask, where, and oh where, are those visions of gladness?
And my bosom's deep cell echoes, where, and oh where?

I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE!

I will never love thee more,
Though I loved thee once so well;
Why, a prodigal, the store
Of my bosom's inmost cell,
Should I waste on one who ne'er
Won a truthful heart before;
Let who will thy favour share,
I will never love thee more!

I will never love thee more!
Wherefore to an idol bow,
Why a deity adore,
Heartless, hollow, cold as thou!
Fools the facile smiles may win,
That 'twas mine to win of yore;
Worship misapplied, is sin;
I will never love thee more!

I WILL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE!

I will never love thee more,
Though I loved thee once so well;
Love's illusion now is o'er,
Take then, take my last farewell!
Should thy practised wiles again
Touch some truthful bosom's core,
Be the thought not stirred in vain,
Why I ne'er can love thee more!

A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

O, ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throng
That peopled your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

CARRINGTON.

Beautiful fictions of our trusting youth,
(Visions we sigh that we have only dreamed!)
When Fancy mocked the searching gaze of Truth,
And the whole earth with bright enchantments teemed;

How have we loved to forest glades to flee;
By haunted streams (in thought) to take our stand;
To watch you circling round the greenwood tree,
Or trace your gambols on the moonlit strand!

Or, when in gorgeous panoply arrayed,
To grace some pageant of the Elfin Queen,
You pricked along, a gallant cavalcade,
Painting the verdant turf a livelier green!

Nor less we loved you, when, with pitying air,
And hand beneficent, around you showered
Gifts, might the world's and nature's spite repair,
And leave the homeliest maiden doubly dowered!

But the bright realm of Fairyland is gone;
Its Iris-tinted train hath passed away;
And Ariel, Mab, Titania, Oberon,
But grace the painter's scene, or poet's lay!

Even Puck, dear imp of mischief and of mirth,
"O'er hill and dale," at length, hath ceased to range;
Though long-eared Bottoms cumber still the earth,
Whose "asses' nowls" he is not here to change!

The "Sword of Sharpness" is no longer keen;
The "Seven League Boots" we distance, now, at will;
Our sole surviving "Giant" is the Spleen;
Which we, like David, with a stone can kill!*

No more, no more, upon the velvet mead,
On mushroom tables, are your banquets spread;
No more, with flying feet, the dance you speed,
'Till dimming glow-worms hint 'tis time for bed!

No "fairy favours" now reward the fair;
Nor pearls nor diamonds from her lips are told;
No elfin matron makes her bliss her care,
With purse exhaustless, filled with fairy gold!

Your aid unseen, like angel-help, in vain,
The toil-worn hind may, in his strait, implore;
The "shadowy flail," to ease his task, will rain
Its stalwart blows in his behoof no more!

Virtue no longer, in her sorest needs,
By fairy hands is rescued from her thrall;
And rampant Vice, how dark soe'er his deeds,
Your well-earned frowns may now no more appal!

* Fling but a stone the Giant dies!—GREEN'S SPLEEN.

The superstitions sweet that charmed our youth;
The large belief that bade us still dream on;
The dear illusions we mistook for truth;
The shaping power that gave them grace;—are flown!

With grosser forms this nether earth is rife;
Even Fancy, now, must walk in Reason's guise;
And, in a world of real care and strife,
We grow, alas, far sadder if more wise!

There is no love in this material age,
For shapes impalpable, we cannot clutch;
Knowledge hath spread so wide her ample page,
That, for our bliss, we often learn too much!

The broad, fierce glare of her pervading light,
Is too intense for forms all fancy-born;
That owe mysterious beauty to the night,
But melt beneath the earliest rays of morn;

Yet these fair fictions of our earlier day,
We have but changed for guides less kind and bland;
The glittering cheats that lead us now astray,
Are falser far than those of Fairyland!

Love, Friendship, Hope, Ambition, Glory, Pride,
All, ignis-fatuus-like, by turns, invite;
But when we follow, make a circuit wide,
Where fields are dank, and there withdraw their light.

Though Poets still, as they were wont of yore,
With filial love to fairy legends cling;
The charm is half dispelled, and they no more
Believe the magic wonders that they sing.

Yet, till the Muse from earth is driven away,
And young Romance hath broken, too, *her* wand,
Will elfin lore still grace the Poet's lay,
And his heart's home be still in Fairyland!

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

It was the dead midnight;
No star was in the sky;
The struggling moon shed a troubled light
As she won her way on high;

And deepest silence hung,
Like a garment, o'er the land;
When a loud and shrill reveillé rung
From a grisly drummer's hand!

It rolled through the startled space,
That wild, unearthly sound;
'Till the martyred dead of a doomed race,
Uprose, and crowded 'round!

From the sleeping City near;
From the bright and genial South;
From the sands of Egypt's deserts drear;
From the Danube's stormy mouth;

From the ice-realms of the North;
From devoted Moscow's plain;
Burst the might of armed myriads forth
To that stirring call again!

From the depths of Lybian seas;
From the Tyrol's mountains blue;
From the base of the snowy Pyrenees;
From the deadly Waterloo!

For, many a far-off land,
And many a wandering wave,
Had heard that loud and stern command,
And had yielded up its brave!

A trumpet-peal is blown;
Those scattered hosts combine;
And the soldier-slaves of the Iron Crown
Arise, and make their sign.

On shadowy chargers mounted,
With swords uplifted high,
From battle-fields uncounted,
The' Imperial Guards draw nigh;—

A legion old and hoary,
With cheeks all ghastly white;
With bosoms gashed and gory,
But Eagles golden bright;

They raise their pallid brows,
In the wan moon's sickly glare;—
But, vain the once-loved sight to rouse
Napoleon's deep despair!

Still, the Drummer by his side
Plies his bleached and fleshless arm;
Till, surging on like the ocean tide,
Those grisly spectres swarm!

They shout no *vivats* now,
For the chieftain once so dear;
For curses deep, though murmured low,
Alone salute his ear.

Ha! whence that phantom throng
That file before him now,
And drag their maimed limbs along
So painfully and slow!

From Jaffa's burning plain
Those shadowy forms have wended;
With cool and sordid treachery slain,
When the battle-strife had ended.

He shuts his conscious eyes,
Their shrinking sense to save;
But a darker scene within them lies;
'Tis the gallant Enghein's grave!

The torches glare around
Where the dauntless Bourbon kneels,
In the castle fosse, on the damp, chill ground,
As the murderous volley peals!

The muffled drum tolls out
The youthful hero's knell:—
Napoleon starts, 'tis the battle shout,
And the roll of the shrill reveil!

Myriads before him spread,
Their standards rear on high;
But the flags are white as the charnelled dead,
For the grave hath the victory!

He strains his sight to look
  Beyond that shadowy train;
What doth he see but a barren rock,
  A vulture, and a chain!

The drum hath ceased to roll;
  That despot's dreams are o'er;
And the ebbs and flows of his stormy soul
  Are stayed for evermore!

His empires all are gone;
  His trappings, once so proud:
A rock-bound grave is his only throne,
  And his kingly robe a shroud:

And he, whose dread commands
  To millions once were doom,
Hath claimed, at length, from alien hands,
  A lone, unhonoured tomb.

1826.

THE LOVE OF POETRY NOT EXTINCT.

ON HEARING IT ASSERTED THAT THE AGE OF POETRY, LIKE THAT OF CHIVALRY, WAS GONE.

> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
> The Poets;—who on earth have made us heirs
> Of Truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
>
> WORDSWORTH.

It is not true, it cannot be,
That the love of Song is o'er;
Though the mightier masters of the Lyre
May wake their harps no more:

Though cold are now their tuneful lips,
To us shall still belong
A heritage of priceless gifts,
Bequeathed in deathless Song!

Did love of country die with them;
Pride in our Island birth;
Or Honour to the dust go down,
When they returned to earth?
Did the heart's best affections cease,
When they resigned their breath?
Were Love, Hope, Loyalty and Faith,
Extinguished by their death?

No; in immortal verse embalmed,
Preserved from blight and chill,
Each loftier impulse of our being
Survives to bless us still:
Love, that from earth can never fade,
Each inspiration high,
That teaches us the way to live,
And tells us how to die!

Come, Mariners of England, forth,
Ye of the dauntless soul,
Who bear our conquering flag aloft,
From Pole to farthest Pole!

Ho! Soldiers of a hundred fights,—
A household word each name,—
Come forth, and battle for the Muse
That imps so oft your fame!

Spirits of that devoted Band,
On earth beheld no more,
Old England's Chivalry that led
On sea and land of yore;
Answer from out your storied tombs
And shield the Muse from wrong;
Are not departed heroes' deeds
Recorded best in Song?

Saints militant! who fought so oft
'Gainst man's most stubborn foe;
And won ye crowns, more radiant far
Than earth could e'er bestow;
In your Great Captain's steps who trod,
No hope forlorn your fight,
And suffered bondage, stripes and death,
To testify His might;

Ye noble band of Martyrs, who,
In God's "whole armour" mailed,—
The shining panoply of Faith,—
O'er Sin and Death prevailed;

Hath not the Muse, with pious care,
Your glorious triumphs sung,
'Till your heroic deeds have grown
The theme of every tongue!

Champions of Freedom! who have shunned
The ignis fatuus ray,
That mocks her sacred light, and leads
Even noblest hearts astray;
Ye, who her beacon fires have fed,
Her "meteor flag" unfurled,—
And stayed the haughty despot's stride
Across a vassal world;—

Who joy the trampled heart to raise,
Unloose the captive's chain,
And Liberty's heaven-chartered rights
To strengthen and maintain:
Prompt in the council as the field,
The weak to ward from wrong;
Was not your noblest daring learned
From the trumpet-voice of Song?

Heralds of Peace! still toiling on
To give the heathen light;
Ye who would compass sea and land
To gain one proselyte;—

Have ye not raised the feeble up,
And bowed to earth the strong,
As, Moses-like, ye struck the heart
With the charmed wand of Song!

Mourners! how deep soe'er the griefs
That weigh your spirit down;
A hearth made desolate and dark
By Fortune's angriest frown;
The death of some long cherished friend,
When friends, alas! are few;
The wild estrangement of a heart
You once believed so true:

Though Sorrows "in battalions" come,
With which 'tis hard to cope,
And the sad soul, beleaguered 'round,
Hath nothing left but Hope;
What spell can lull the tempest's rage,
Appease the spirit's wrong,
Like the precepts of the Poet's page,
The solace of his Song!

Philosophers! so keen of sight,
Inquisitive, and, oh!
So wise, men marvel how your heads
Can carry all you know;

Who dim each impulse of delight,
By diving to its cause;
And will not give us leave to feel,
Save by your latest laws;

Still peer among the stars to find
Some planet yet unknown;
But leave that world the human heart,
And its mystic chords alone!
Rob not the Poet of the right
He hath maintained so long;
The realms of earth and sky be yours,
But leave him those of Song!

Votaries of Science! whose exploits
The world with wonder fill,
Who faster than the wind can speed
The mandates of your will;
Cross not the Poet's woodland path,
He never did you wrong;
Harvests of wisdom still go reap,
But leave to earth its Song!

Ye Mammon-worshippers! forbear
To vent on Song your spleen;
Pactolus is your cherished fount,
Your only Hippocrene!

The Golden Age of Peace and Love,
By poets hymned of old,
Would have no charm for such as you,
Who crave an Age of Gold!

Still to your Baal bend the knee,
Your sordid homage pay,
Till the base idol topples down,
And proves but worthless clay!
For you the minstrel's tuneful art
Were ever plied in vain,
Who centre every thought in self,
Whose only God is gain!

He hath no wisdom in the lore
With which *your* hearts are filled;
A novice in the Halls of Pride;
In the world's ways, a child!
Suffering, the badge of all his tribe,
Is his, neglect and wrong.
And Sorrow teaches him, too oft,
The burthen of his Song!

Yet from that dark and bitter spring,
Like Marah's fount of yore,
Flows many a sweet and healing draught,
For thirsting hearts and sore;

And proud and thrilling strains had slept,
That now to earth belong,
Had not the kindling touch of grief
Prompted so oft the Song!

When he, the well-beloved of Heaven,
The monarch-minstrel sung,
Truths, that come home to every breast,
Resound from every tongue;
Oppressed, by "trouble" compassed round,
And foes, in falsehood strong,
The sorrows that subdued his heart,
But sanctified his Song!

The love of Song can never fade,
Whilst gentle hearts are rife,
To feel the sunshine and the balm,
It sheds on human life!
Whilst Youth, fond, warm, ingenuous Youth,
In faith and hope so strong,
Finds his heart echo to its tones,
Can he choose but love the song?

"Earth's Poesy is never dead,"
'Tis breathing everywhere,
In the starlight stillness of the night,
In the bright, warm, noontide air;

The grassy glade, the waving wood,
The broad, upheaving sea;
The intermittent flash and roar
Of Heaven's artillery;

The mountain-tops by sunshine crowned,
Whilst girt by clouds below;
The twin-notes of the cuckoo's shout,
The summer twilight's glow;
The corn that sways with every breeze;
The river smooth yet strong,
That glides like life away; all, all
Are redolent of Song.

It is not sooth, it cannot be,
That the love of Song is o'er!
That the strains that were our childhood's spell,
May charm our sons no more!
Till Fancy fades, and Hope grows chill,
And Pity's self hath fled,
The love of Poesy can ne'er
In British hearts be dead.

Then, "blessings on the sons of Song,
"Eternal praise be theirs,
"Who gave us truth and pure delight,"
And "nobler loves and cares."

And the "still, small voice of Gratitude"
Must cease for aye on earth,
Ere we forget, or cease to prize,
Their wisdom and their worth.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Yes, Desolation, on her viewless wing,
Even now, perhaps, is speeding with the blast
In deathful haste;—with angry visiting
The surges sweep around us, and the mast,
Bereft of sail, bends like a fragile reed
Submissive to the storm. But for yon light
I had begun to deem this dreary night,
For us, would have no morn. In greatest need,
When through life's sea man's erring bark is driven,
Thus doth the beacon Hope with friendly gleam
Speak peace unto his soul; and though its beam
Bring not immediate aid, it can create
Courage to bear the buffetings of Fate
With patience, till he reach the sheltering port of Heaven.

1816.

RHINE SONG.

It was from the heights above Caub (opposite to the Pfalfz), that the view of the Rhine first burst upon the Prussian troops, on their victorious return from France, and drew from them a simultaneous and exulting shout of "The Rhine! the Rhine!" which was repeated as each division came in sight of the river. They subsequently knelt down, and sang, as with one heart and voice, their national song, "Am Rhein, Am Rhein!"

It is the Rhine, our own abounding river!
To home-sick hearts a vision half divine!
Its rapid current swiftly flows as ever;
It is the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

It is the Rhine, with duteous homage kneeling,
In one wild burst let heart and voice combine,
To swell our prayerful song, to heaven appealing;
The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

It is the Rhine, our own imperial river;
How brightly still its rippling waters shine;—
Hark to the shout that makes the tall pines quiver!
The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

It is the Rhine that laves our fatherland;
(The seat of all we love, fair Freedom's shrine;)
Above its haunted depths once more we stand;
It is the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

Broken and spent, from battle-fields returning,
Our haven won, we will no more repine;
We left its banks for fame and conquest burning;
Our goal, at length, is gained: the Rhine! the Rhine!

River of many hearts! rejoice, rejoice!
Glory and Freedom once again are thine!
Echo each storied height, with trumpet voice,
The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE OF THE POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.

High Priest of the Nine! Poet, Prophet, and Sage,
What deep lessons of wisdom are taught in thy page!—
There, the young and the old, sad and mirthful, may find
Each, reflected in sunshine, some "mood of his mind;"
There, the simple may learn with kind feelings to glow,
And the wise may discover how little they know!
There, the broken in spirit may find solace and balm,
And the tempest-tossed bosom be taught to grow calm;
The rich, there are treasures that gold cannot buy;
The poor, that there is but one rank in the sky;
The guileless, their whiteness of spirit to keep;
And the guilty, that vengeance not always will sleep!
There, the gentle enthusiast whose heart hath been sown
With pure poesy's seeds, some soft feeling may own,
Some loved dream, in his heart cherished fondly and long,
That he wanted the science to weave into song!
There, the Pilgrim of Nature in fancy may stray,
Where thy silver-bright Duddon glides calmly away,

By its flower-fringed margin its wanderings to trace,
Till his thoughts are as placid and pure as its face:
There, the Dreamer who tracks the swift footsteps of Time,
And for ever would muse 'mid his ruins sublime,
Who delights to the deeds of past ages to turn,
Will find lore that his spirit has thirsted to learn:
From the song of proud Dion, so solemn and sweet,
To thy "silver-white" Doe and her Sabbath retreat!
Each high theme of the Lyre hath awoke at thy call,
Every chord hast thou touched, and drawn music from all!

1824.

I'VE ROAMED THE WIDE WORLD OVER.

I've roamed the wide world over,
From Indus to the Pole;
I've been a general lover,
And loved with all my soul;
Whate'er her height, hair dark or light,
Confined, or flowing free;
Eyes, azure bright, or black as night,
'T was all the same to me.

Whatever flowers are springing,
My bosom's tares above,
Whatever thoughts are clinging
To my heart, of peace and love,—
Were planted there by Woman's care,
And nurtured 'neath her eye:
To her I clung, when life was young;
Be hers my latest sigh!

In our hours of pain and sorrow,
No balm is like her tear;
Even our joys more sweetness borrow,
When she we love is near!
Then fill me up a brimming cup,
To drink to Woman's worth;
And may she prove in heaven above,
The bliss she makes on earth!

A WOMAN'S LAST SONG.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

'Tis now that softening hour
When love hath deepest power,
To stir the fond heart with its dreams of delight;
When even the sickening thrill
Of hope deferred is still,
And the sunset of feeling grows golden and bright.

Oh believe me then in this,
Though, in moments of bliss,
Every pulse of thy heart found a response in mine;
When the storm upon us came,
I may merit thy blame,
But, so sweet was our sorrow, I could not repine.

Forgive me if I deemed
Fate kinder than it seemed,
If I smiled at the world and its wildest alarms;
If I inly blessed the grief
That bade thee seek relief
In the loving and cherishing pale of my arms.

Was loss of wealth severe
When a fond one was near
To soothe thee, and make thee a Crœsus in love?
Or vexations all must bear,
Worth a thought or a care,
Which a kiss, and thou'st owned it, a kiss could remove?

What are life's petty ills,
Its hectics or its chills,
Can they weaken affection or wither its flowers?
No; to hearts with feeling warm,
Love's the bow of the storm,
That grows broader and brighter the faster it showers.

Thus will it ever be,
On the world's troubled sea,
When two fond ones are cleaving in concert their way;
Though clouds sometimes may hide
Them, and tempests divide,
They'll be nearer than e'er when the rack drives away.

In life's genial spring,
As on Pleasure's light wing
Through her bowers of enchantment we joyously roved;
With feelings, hopes and fears,
Far too deep for our years,
In that spring-burst of sunshine we met and we loved!

Thou wert then of an age
When the stormy passions rage
More wildly the harsher earth's wise ones reprove;
Pride and gentleness combined,
In thy deep heart were shrined;
The softness and fire of the eagle and dove!

Though Fortune was unkind,
To thy merits ever blind,
Still thy soul could unstooping her malice endure;
And what though thou wert thrown
On this wide world alone,
Did I love thee the less for being friendless and poor?

What is wealth, what is wealth,
Could it purchase me health,
Or secure for us moments more blissful than those
We together oft have passed,
When even Fate's chilling blast
Could not ruffle our own little heaven of repose!

Surely not, surely not;
Every grief was forgot,
Whilst enfolded by thee on thy bosom I hung;
And though tempests raged above,
They were harmless to love,
For the wilder the ruin the closer we clung.

But the sun has looked his last,
And the day is fading fast,
And night's shades are o'erwhelming my heart and my song;
Fare thee well, a long farewell;
I have broken the spell
That has bound me to earth and its witcheries too long!

INSCRIPTION.

Stranger! if from the crowded walks of life
Thou lovest to stray, and woo fair Solitude
Amid her woodland bowers;—silent to brood,
Apart from world's vanities and strife,
O'er nature's charms, her fairest haunts behold,
Let this sweet spot thy roving steps arrest!
Say, dwells the canker Care within thy breast?
Yon streamlet, murmuring o'er its sands of gold,
Shall soothe thee with soft music; and thine eye,—
Albeit unused to glisten with delight,—
Survey the scene here opening on thy sight,
With 'raptured gaze!—Oh, if beneath the sky,
Stranger, to mortal man such home be given
What may HE hope, whose eye is fixed on Heaven!

1815.

A REMONSTRANCE TO THE POET CAMPBELL,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO TAKE UP HIS PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

Dear Poet of Hope! who hast charmed us so long
With thy strains of home-music, sweet, solemn, and strong;
Now, smooth as the stream when 'tis chained and at rest,
And the hues of the sky lie like flowers on its breast,—
Now sweeping in glory and might on its way,
And now struggling from shadows and darkness to day.
Oh, leave not the haunts most propitious to song,
For the city's wild strife and the jar of the throng!—
Though the freshness of feeling that prompted in youth
Thy heart-stirring measures hath died; and the truth
That is shrined in the soul when life's voyage is begun,
May be something impaired ere the haven be won;
Though the visions have fled that gave light to thy spring,
And thy heart and thy harp each is wanting a string;
Like the leaves on the tree that no tempest may kill,
There are feelings unwithered that cling to thee still!
Alas, that a poet, so gifted, should leave
Life's green vale of repose, 'mid the many to weave

Lays that cannot but breathe of the source whence they
spring;
How unlike the wild wood-notes he once used to sing!
What marvel his Muse's strong pinion should sink,
If so turbid the waters her spirit must drink;
Can we wonder her plumage should lose its proud dyes,
If she trails on the earth what was formed for the skies!
No; the Poet's a star that shines brightest apart;
Let him revel at will in the world of the heart,
But the moment he strives mid the crush of the throng,
Like a bird too much handled he loses his song;
And the fools who once worshipped his light from afar,
Are the first to proclaim him no longer a star!

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

The present moment's all our own,
The next, who ever saw!
MICKLE.

Come, fill me up a brimming cup,
We'll season wine with wit and song;
For earthly joy, without alloy,
Not often comes, nor tarries long:
Unthrift it were, to look for Care,
No need hath he Time's wings to borrow;
Then, friends, be gay with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with you to-morrow!

With loved ones near, good friends, good cheer,
The fireside glow, and genial heart;
Why should we look in Fate's black book,
The present moment's mirth to thwart!
In green old age, the Christmas Sage,
Should never wear a frown or furrow;
Then, friends, be gay with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with you to-morrow!

The cuckoo flies from wintry skies,
  And seldom fails to find a spring;
And, happy bird, is never heard,
  A single, saddening note to sing!
But even if right, in Reason's spite,
  To fly from joy, and seek for sorrow,
Still, friends be gay with me to-day,
  And I'll be wise with you to-morrow!

THOU HAST FLASHED ON MY SIGHT.

Thou hast flashed on my sight,
  Like a spirit of love,
In my sorrow's deep night,
  From the regions above!
And thy beauty's calm light
  With new lustre seems crowned,
As the star shows more bright
  From the darkness around!

And thy voice, sweet and low
  As the echo of song,
Or the streamlet's soft flow,
  As it murmurs along,
Seems a balm to impart
  In this desolate hour,
That refreshes my heart,
  As the dew-drop the flower.

Like the Angel that came
  To St. Peter, by night;
With as holy an aim,
  And a forehead as bright;
Hast thou burst on my sadness,
  A dream of delight;
Turning sorrow to gladness,
  And darkness to light!

ENVOY.

I.

Spring breathes around us; the bright air is filled
With glistening life, and odours dewy sweet;
The far off stir, by mellowing distance stilled,
Scarce wafts a murmur to our green retreat:
Come, let us seek the old accustomed seat,
Together watch day's ebbing waves decline;
Till our full hearts bow down, with reverence meet,
To Him who gave that glowing light to shine—
Bright in its morning prime, but at this hour divine!

II.

Lo! what a flush is reddening all the skies,
What rays supernal yon proud throne surround;
What magic splendour, what unnumbered dyes,
Yon setting sun's increasing orb hath crowned:
Those golden bars upon their purple ground,
Seem each to fancy's eye a glowing stair
Leading to glories more and more profound!
How sweet to gaze upon a heaven so fair,
And deem our loved, and lost, are sphered for ever there!

III.

It is a thought that well the scene bescems,
Bright, tranquil, soothing, full of hope and peace;
The cherished vision of unnumbered dreams;
The faith that bids all keener anguish cease.
For what was death to them? A sweet release
From all the mean and sordid cares of life;
From Pride's cold taunt, from Fortune's wild caprice;
From all the ills with which this world is rife;
Its blind but bitter hate, its perfidy and strife!

IV.

All that our trusting hearts have bled to know;
Much that our aching breasts must brave again;
The hollow friend, the smooth, insidious foe;
Keen self-reproach for gifts bestowed in vain;
And all the racking "family of Pain!"
Oh! if 'tis sweet to 'scape such withering woes;
To break the bondage of so hard a chain;
How doubly blest the timeless doom of those
Who, all unstained by earth, enjoy that deep repose!

V.

And such their lot, for whom we love to shed
Tears, that of rapture more than grief partake;
Locked in that slumber of the sinless dead,
No strife can stir, no agony can break:
Thrice blessed art thou for those fair children's sake;
Fetters of love to link thee to the skies!
Who e'er would wish from such a dream to wake;
Who but must envy thee those holiest ties,
A mother's yearnings fond for babes in Paradise!

VI.

Yet not to them be all thy thoughts still given,
Who bask in smiles that earth could ne'er bestow;
But turn thy tearful eyes awhile from heaven,
To helpless claimants on thy love below!
See, where yon archer bends his mimic bow,
With eager eye to trace his arrow's flight;
Can mortal hope a fairer promise show?
Look where the shaft hath struck,—he laughs outright,
Until his infant form seems buoyant with delight!

VII.

And to that mirth an answering echo rings,
From the enchanted nursling on thy knee,
As all abroad her slighted toys she flings,
His sport to join with sympathetic glee;
Struggling with hot impatience to be free,
And share the triumphs of that wondrous feat:
Nor all unmoved doth he her gladness see;
But hastes the practised marvel to repeat,
Till the blue welkin rings with laughter wild and sweet.

VIII.

And canst thou list and not be joyous too,
That simple music of the guileless heart;
Canst thou those sweet and sinless raptures view,
And in their bliss refuse to bear a part?
Forbid it, love, all gentle as thou art;
Forbid it, too, that fond, maternal smile;
Then let each sad and boding thought depart,
Turn from life's cankers and its cares awhile,
And let such sights and sounds thine anxious heart beguile!

IX.

Deem it not strange I should prefer the string
That best accords with gentle themes like these,
And leave the realms of Fancy's wilder wing,
To sing of home and homebred sympathies:
Content with few and simple notes to please,
And win a poet's meed from hearts like thine,
All unambitious prouder wreaths to seize,
The Muse's loftier vision I resign,
So that her twilight tears and sunset smiles be mine!

X.

The youthful lover's hopes and fears to tell;
Of childhood's budding bloom, and happy death;
Of those high thoughts that bid the soft heart swell;
When glowing Faith resigns her sainted breath:
To catch the hues from Pity's dew-sprent wreath,
And bid them live a moment in my lay;
To mourn, some old, umbrageous oak beneath,
O'er joys that wither like the waning day,
And wear their loveliest smiles even whilst they fade away!

XI.

Or, haply, murmuring of some peaceful cot,
The home of pleasures pure, pursuits refined;
Some quiet nook, some calm, sequestered spot
Radiant with triumphs of the heart and mind;
Where Poesy and Painting sit enshrined;
Where Art and Nature yield their treasures chaste,
And charm their votaries with their spells combined;
Where Genius' self, by Truth and Fancy graced,
Doth not disdain to own the plastic hand of Taste.

XII.

Such are the simple songs I bring thee here,
Songs that a few will prize, that all may feel;
Records of bliss and woe, of hope and fear,
Of lowly lives like tranquil streams that steal,
And in their wanderings, dark or bright, reveal
The shade or sunshine of their chequered way:
Such is the offering that with duteous zeal,
And love, time-hallowed, at thy feet I lay;
Where could my votive Muse such well-earned homage pay!

XIII.

To whom but thee could I so fitly bring
The fond memorials of that downy nest,
Where Fancy oft hath plumed her ruffled wing
With sounds of peace, and images of rest;
Where by life's ills and meaner cares depressed,
I joy to flee for solace and repose,—
The love and counsels of thy gentle breast;—
A hallowed home, no carking strife that knows,
Where lulling sights and sounds my world-vexed thoughts compose.

XIV.

Oft from the loopholes of that still retreat,
Have we beheld the busy stir without;
Watched that wild ocean lashing at our feet,
With souls subdued and thankfulness devout:
And as the frequent, fierce, exulting shout
Of savage men that on each other prey,
Bursts on the ear from madding crowds without;
'Twas sweet to feel we were not such as they,
And sadder, wiser, turn from that keen strife away!

XV.

And sweet 'neath genial skies in summer weather,
To watch as now the radiant day decline;
To turn some bright, immortal page together,
Where Poesy's unnumbered treasures shine,
And Genius strews around her spells divine;
Milton's proud pomp for Spenser's sweetness leave;
Drink polished wit from Pope's melodious line;
With forceful Gray aspire, with Collins grieve;
Mourn hapless Auburn's fate, and Cowper's truths believe.

XVI.

Or, sometimes seated by our smiling hearth,
When storms without uplift their wintry din,
And quiet thoughts from those wild sounds have birth,
Deepening the sweetness of the calm within;
In taste united, as in heart akin,
To seek (in thought) the bowers of modern Song,
A glowing garland of its flowers to twine;
Together thus the cheerful eve prolong,
That seldom comes too soon—and never seems too long.

XVII.

To wander forth with Harold's wayward Childe,
As storm or sunshine rules his Pilgrimage;
To share his gentler moods, his transports wild,
And hang with breathless wonder o'er his page.
Alas! that he who could all hearts engage,
And stir, at will, the soul's divinest springs,
War with his better self so oft would wage,
And wring harsh discords from harmonious strings;
Veiling his spirit's eyes, like the angel, with his wings!

XVIII.

That he whose genius, upon manna fed,
Was imped to soar where loftiest thoughts have birth,
To Marah's bitter fount too often led,
Should dim its plumage with the stains of earth:
Alas, for Genius! Fame, of little worth,
The fickle world is ever ripe to wrong,—
That desolates the heart, then mourns the dearth
Of all that still might to that heart belong!
That grief so oft should be the heritage of Song!

XIX.

To seek, with Campbell, Susquehanah's wave,
And list the descant of his Indian Chief;
To muse awhile o'er Connocht Moran's grave,
And share his widowed bride's indignant grief:
Or, when the song peals forth, in grand relief,
Of England's meteor flag, and Nelson's fame,
In trumpet notes, sonorous, clear, and brief;
To feel, within, the patriotic flame
Lit in each British heart by that undying name!

XX.

Poet of Hope! though many a joy hath fled,
And many a dream, too wildly loved to last,
In youth's bright spring our bounding hearts that fed,
And came like sunshine, have like sunshine past;
Though Hope for us may never more forecast
Her El-Dorado, sought so long in vain;
Though Fancy fail, and Youth may fleet as fast,
Till but life's cold realities remain,
Her Pleasures still will live in thy melodious strain!

XXI.

And sweet, in concert, bending o'er his lay,
To own the spell of Wordsworth's loftier power;
By devious Duddon's tranquil stream to stray;
By swifter Wharfe to while a thoughtful hour;
List the sweet Sabbath-bells from Bolton Tower,
When glides from Rylstone Fell the milk-white Doe,
There, by one green sequestered grave to cower;
And, when the latest hymn hath ceased, to go
Back to her mountain haunts, with step serene and slow!

XXII.

To linger with his wandering Sage, and hold
Communion with the mighty hills, ere yet,
O'er their proud summits capped with crowns of gold,
The westering sun's increasing orb hath set;
Trace from its source the mountain rivulet
Hurrying in ceaseless eddies to the vale;
Or watch the clouds in gorgeous pageant met
To usher out the day; till Twilight pale
Draws o'er the dimming scene her soft, mysterious veil.

XXIII.

Nor has our homage been delayed till now,
Poet and Prophet! Ere the voice of Fame,
That with unfading wreaths hath bound thy brow,
Was heard to more than murmur forth thy name;
Amid the scoffer's gibe, the critic's blame,
That loftiest truths from simplest lips should glide;
Ere Fashion's plaudits swelled the loud acclaim,—
For even fashion's fool can track the tide,—
A household word it grew our smiling hearth beside!

XXIV.

And by the statue of the armed knight,
Where leans with lips apart fair Genevieve,
How sweet to share the tale of wrack and blight,
She loves the more because it makes her grieve;
Until the feigned woe doth so deceive,
She deems the "ladye"'s sorrows all her own;
And fearful fate should thus her heart bereave,
Yields coy consent before the tale is done;
And thus, by Pity stirred, without a prayer is won!

XXV.

In Wilson's white-winged bark to sail away
To some green island in the Indian sea,
Where life is one long summer holiday,
And Nature keeps eternal jubilee:
Where Woman blooms in native purity,
And fairest flowers and fruits spontaneous smile;
Where nothing toils beside the busy bee;
Where Care comes not, nor Falsehood's serpent wile,
To mar the perfect peace of that enchanted isle.

XXVI.

Or with melodious Rogers, earliest loved,—
The longer known more loved,—of whose pure strains
The soothing power our hearts so oft have proved
To call up Memory's joys without her pains,
O'er days gone by to muse: 'mid sunset plains,
Scenes such as Claude would paint and he has sung;
Or by the cheerful hearth, where calmly reigns
Domestic Peace her halcyon mates among;
His songs, so silver-sweet, glide oftenest from our tongue.

XXVII.

But, see, the sun hath vanished from the sky,
And twilight's glow is deepening into night;
The crescent moon is climbing fast on high,
And countless stars, with intermittent light,
Are twinkling now, and now elude the sight!
Oh, for the dove's strong wings, that we might soar
From this dull earth to yon empyrean height,
Where life's mean cares, its fitful fever o'er,
The world's wild strife and wrong might never touch us more!

1833.

NOTES.

*** The following Poems are from the pen of Mrs. Alaric Watts:—The Deserted Cottage (page 147); Requiem of Youth (152); A Maiden's Soliloquy (153); Guardian Angels (177); On the Statue of his deceased Child by R. Lane, Esq. (223); Sappho (243); Stanzas written at Vaucluse (249); Amiens Cathedral (257). The subject of the Love of Poetry not Extinct (289), was suggested by Mrs. Alaric Watts, and several of the stanzas are from her pen.

Page 12, line 11.

There Salvi's Nun in silent prayer doth bow.

In this and the succeeding stanza, the surname of the painter has been substituted for that by which he is usually designated: as Salvi, for Sassoferrato; Cagliari, for Paul Veronese; Zampieri, for Domenichino; Mazzuoli, for Parmegiano; and Berretino, for Pietro da Cortona.

Page 18, line 1.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide.

The refrain of these verses is borrowed from a German song.

Page 24, line 7.

Thou wert Venus' sister-twin,
If this shade be thine, Nell Gwynn.

The beautiful sketch which gave occasion for these lines was suggested to the late G. S. Newton, R.A., by an old miniature, said to have been a portrait of Nell Gwynn, but bearing a much greater resemblance to the picture of Ninon de l'Enclos, in her *première jeunesse.*

Page 26, line 1.

Intreat me not to leave thee so.

A paraphrase of verses 16 and 17 of the first chapter of the Book of Ruth.

Page 38, line 13.

Sad Experience, (bought how dearly!)
Cruel, seldom to be kind;
Like the stern-light, shows too clearly
But the track we leave behind!

To most men, Experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Page 48, line 2.

I see thee oft in Fancy's glass,
"Edwin" and "Ranger" in thy train,
Pacing across the village plain,
The "Broken Bridge" to pass.

The allusions in this and the three succeeding stanzas refer to poems included in Mrs. Southey's "Solitary Hours," "Birthday, and other Poems," as well as to her pathetic "Chapters on Churchyards."

Page 50, line 21.

Till Memory's self be dead.

Till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

Page 70, line 5.

Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!

And rally life's last energies to die!

CHINNERY'S DYING GLADIATOR.

Page 77, line 1.

Mark those infant twins that kneel,
Side by side,

These lines were suggested by a beautiful picture from the pencil of my esteemed friend, Thomas Uwins, R.A., entitled "Children in Prayer."

Page 78, line 20, to page 80, line 2.

Lo! where yon uplifted eyes
Seem to commune with the skies.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to mention, that the descriptions contained in this passage have reference to celebrated pictures by Guido, Correggio, Carlo Dolci, and Claude.

Page 100, line 1.

How hath the fierce oppressor fall'n,
The Golden City ceased.

A paraphrase of part of the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, namely, of verses 4 to 12 and 14 to 23

Page 169, line 1.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land.

This Poem was reprinted in the Prospectus of an Institution for Sisters of Charity, which it was attempted to establish, some years

ago, in the neighbourhood of Hastings; and has since been included in the abridged Biographies of Vincent St. Paul, in use among the Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, in this country and in France.

Page 223, line 1.

I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of the past.

In a lecture on Poetry, from the pen of the late Ebenezer Elliott, published in Tait's Magazine, it is remarked of this poem, that it is "full of home truths so affectingly real, that no person after reading "them can be in doubt as to what it is that constitutes poetry, and passeth "show." Mr. Elliott, however, ascribes the poem to Mr. Lane, whose statue it was written to commemorate. I avail myself of this opportunity to reclaim it for its rightful owner, Mrs. Alaric Watts.

Page 283, line 7.

The charm is half dispelled, and they no more
Believe the magic wonders that they sing!

Prevailing Poet whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders that he sung.

COLLINS.

Page 300, line 4.

The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!

The burthen of a well-known German song.

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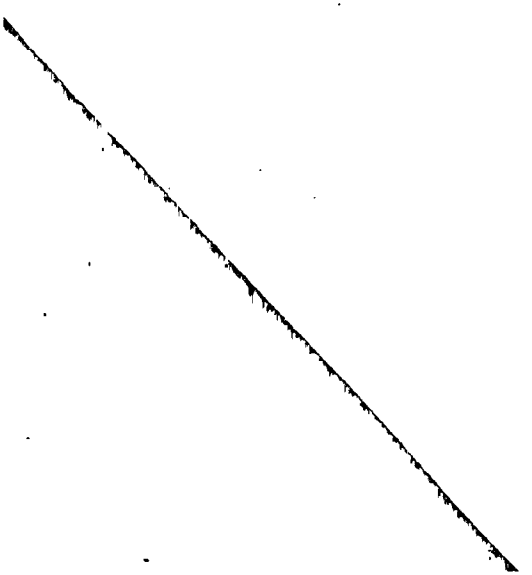

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